The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. II.—NO. 53. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1859. PRICE, $2.00 A YEAR.

The N. Y. Saturday Press,
A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES,
IS PUBLISHED
Every Saturday Morning,
At 9 Spruce Street, New York.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year. Five Cents a single copy.
SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to any part of the Union on the receipt of five cents in postage stamps.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

BRANCH OFFICE of the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS at ROSS & BOHEMIANS, No. 827 Broadway, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

For The Saturday Press.

ALONE BY THE HEARTH

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

Here, in my snug little fire-lit chamber,
Sit I alone;
And, as I gaze in the coals, I remember
Days long agone.

II.

Saddening it is when the night has descended,
Thus to sit here,
Pensively musing on episodes, ended
Many a year.

III.

Still in my visions a golden-haired glory
Flits to and fro;
She whom I loved—but 'tis just the old story—
Dead, long ago!

IV.

'Tis but the wraith of a love; yet I linger
(Thus passion errs),
Foolishly kissing the ring on my finger—
Once it was hers.

V.

Nothing has changed since her spirit departed,
Here in this room
Save I, who, weary, and half broken-hearted,
Sit in the gloom.

VI.

Loud 'gainst the window the Winter-rain dashes,
Dreary and cold;
Over the floor the red fire-light flashes
Just as of old.

VII.

Just as of old—but the embers are scattered,
Whose ruddy blaze
Flashed o'er the floor where her fairy feet pattered
In other days!

VIII.

Then, her dear voice, like a silver-chime ringing,
Melted away;
Often these walls have reechoed her singing,
Now hushed for aye!

IX.

Why should love bring nought but sorrow, I wonder?
Everything dies!
Time and Death sooner or later must sunder
Holiest ties.

X.

Years have rolled by; I am wiser and older—
Wiser, but yet
Not till my heart and its feelings grow colder,
Can I forget.

XI.

So, in my snug little fire-lit chamber,
Sit I, alone,
And, as I gaze in the coals, I remember
Joys long agone!

A Story for New Year's Eve.

Written for The New York Saturday Press,

BY JOHN W. WATSON.

How gloriously it snowed!

None of your sleety, wet, sloppy snows, at which every flake comes down like a great lump of lead, and only lies a minute upon the pavement before it goes to swell the mass of slosh and drabble. No! it was a light, feathery, jovial snow. A snow where the flakes came whirling and whirling down, always uncertain where they would stop, and at last dropping themselves on the pure white couch, in an easy, careless way, like a beautiful little lady gliding out of the waltz into the luxurious folds of a satin sofa.

Down they came, the glad and laughing flakes, filling all the air, covering the housetops, tipping the sills, and clinging all around the crevices, the lampposts, and the railings. Paying no respect to persons, dressing up the hat-rims, putting epaulettes on the shoulders, and piling up on the breasts of the well-buttoned overcoats, until they tumbled off in heaps. Filling up the carts and wagons, and sending them home with unpaid loads. Giving the horses a white woolly fleece, and stealing stealthily into every nook, cranny, and broken window.

How those that went to and fro enjoyed the snow! Their faces glowed all over with crimson. They ran and shouted, sometimes to themselves, sometimes to those they met but did not know. They sung, and made short condensed jokes to each other across the pavement, or across the street. They looked in shop-windows, and talked to each, as though all the world was acquainted with all the world, and then ran on laughing at nothing, and thought nothing—the very drollest thing that ever was known.

For oh! it was New Year's Eve, and a clear, cold, dry snow, that bade fair to make good sleighing on the morrow; and then the great city would be all alive, and the streets would swarm with callers, dashing about from house to house, saying good things, renewing old recollections, sipping sparkling wines, and doing a thousand things, each one more hearty and jovial than the other.

It was the New Year's Eve, and all the world seemed wild with delight. The sorrow, the sin, the shame were not lessened; they were all there upon the streets, looking at the New Year's Eve, but the gay ones had it upon this night, and the town was laughing aloud.

Up Broadway, there came a handsome, dark-eyed, dark-haired fellow. It was easy to see by the glare of the gas that his eyes were bright, as well as dark, and those who chose to look deep into them might see there plenty of wild, laughing humor, even through the heavy frown that sat upon his face. Stephen Price marched stolidly on amid the crowd; there was no smile about him, no answering to the shout and the joke, no response on his lip or in his heart. He was going home,—to the house he called his home, a lonely home for a New Year's Eve,—a quiet, humble room in a boarding-house. He had but just left the office, where he had staid later than usual, making excuses to prolong the time of his departure,—excuses which Stephen hardly dared confess to his pride, but which, when the waiting failed to bring forth a response, sent Stephen Price homeward with a heavy frown and a heavy heart.

While he is trudging wearily home, through the glad crowd, the story must be told.

Three years before, Stephen Price came from a town two hours distant from New York, to enter as a junior clerk in the house of John Greenwell & Co. Stephen had lost father and mother at an early age, and had been consigned to the unwilling care of his Uncle Hampton, his mother's only brother, a stern, quiet, business man, who knew nothing but business and duty. Mr. Hampton was a bachelor, and Stephen, as a necessity, fell solely into the charge of his uncle's housekeeper, an easy-going, kind-hearted woman, who allowed the already spoiled boy to do as he pleased, and know no will but his own. It will be making no strange sequel to such a line of treatment, to say that Stephen Price, as he sprung from boy to manhood, sprung correspondingly into vices and careless habits. While no act showing a badness of purpose could be charged to Stephen Price, he was yet held up in the town as the head and leader of all aggression and recklessness, feared by staid, steady-going people, and solemnly winked at by those who declare that it requires a mischievous boy to make a smart man. If a hard practical joke had been perpetrated, or an unpopular person punished by any boyish revenge, the sufferers always declared that it was unnecessary to hold an inquisition to discover the culprit. They could see Stephen Price's hand as originator and abettor, and Stephen Price accordingly bore the responsibility.

As the boy was growing into the man, at that very critical period that the change comes for better or for worse, Stephen felt the inconvenience of his character, and was disposed to change for the better. The townspeople, however, did not join him in the resolve. It was too convenient for them to have a scapegoat, and the secret sins of the place still came home to the young man as they had to the boy. Stephen was idle, they argued, and it followed, as an impossibility, that he could keep from mischief. He was idle; this was true, but it was through no choice of the young man. His uncle, while looking with stern displeasure on the follies of the boy, and the gathering dissipations of the man, took no means of turning the really strong energies into a channel of usefulness. A frown or a sneer was all the answer Stephen ever received to his application that some chance might be opened to him in life; and the uncle made no secret of his belief that the boy was a ne'er-do-well, and would never reach any useful end. He had, through his prejudices, convicted and condemned him without a trial.

Stephen was popular with his associates. He never flinched from punishment to save another. He never betrayed his comrade to save himself. He was the hero of his peers. One, a slight, delicate boy, Warren Grey, loved Stephen Price the scapegrace, as he did his life. Stephen had once thrown himself between Warren and severe punishment, and Warren Grey never forgot it. He looked up to Stephen as to a superior being, one possessing that physical power which he so lacked, and—as Warren knew, whatever others might say—the nobleness to understand how to use it rightly. While the flaxen-haired boy clung, almost to worship, to the older and stronger, Stephen, in his turn, bent with more than a boyish passion to Leonie. Warren's only [illegible] fair-haired, blue-eyed, childish creature, was Leonie Grey; soft, yielding, and dreamy, and yet over Stephen Price she held the sway that no imperious beauty could have commanded, no physical force could have compelled. A word from Leonie, and the headstrong boy would forego his wildest plots; a tear trembling in her eye, and Stephen Price turned his revenges into services. Leonie was the guiding-star that bore the untrained boy through many perilous places, and lighted the growing man to better things than his own heart, unguided, knew.

Stephen was nineteen—a strong, healthy, handsome fellow. He had been quick at school; and though his teachers declared him the most troublesome boy in the town, a creator of anarchy and confusion, they also gave him credit for quickness of comprehension and great ability. There was no complaint against Stephen Price for want of industry or quickness in learning. One morning the young man awakened to this. It broke upon him in an instant—as though the knowledge had heretofore been a sealed book—that he was capable of serving himself, if his uncle would not serve him. With the natural energy of his character, he lost no time. He only wondered how he could have so long waited. He would wait no longer. He would hew out his own path in life. He would make a name and a position, and Leonie should share it with him. It was all revolved in his brain in an hour; the plans laid, and even worked to completion in theory. In an hour he stood upon the pinnacle of fortune, chafing under the thought of how many years must come between its birth and its consummation.

"Leonie, I am going to leave you. I am going to New York."

The girl stared wildly at the boy who had grown all at once into a man—who had, in one single day, added five years to the expression of his face, to the words from his tongue. She stared, and grew paler as she looked in his feverish eyes.

"To New York!"

The words fell upon Leonie's ear, and were repeated by her in a vague way, as though conveying no meaning.

"To New York. *This* is no place for me. I wonder how I have ever borne it until now. I am going to New York, Leonie, to seek my fortune and—yours."

Stehpen ended his sentence in a low tone, and took Leonie's hand between both his own. She understood him well enough now—and Stephen caught her quickly in his arms, or Leonie would have fallen. There was no color in her lips, as he pressed them to his, and whispered to her:

"It is best, Leonie—much the best. I have a life to make for both of us, and a wasted past to redeem. You must help me. It is for your sake, Leonie."

The blood flew back from Leonie's heart, and the two faces that were pressed so closely together glowed with crimson; but the speech had not yet come to her. She only wound her arms about his neck and kissed him on the cheeks and on the forehead—kissed him as a darling sister would have done, without passion, but with an all-abiding, all-confiding love.

"I have marked out my course, Leonie, and if my reading has not taught me falsely, I shall certainly succeed. In years I shall return here, and show those who have predicted evil for me, that I am better than they. I hate them all. I hate my Uncle Hampton."

"O no, Stephen," and Leonie put her fingers on his lips, "do not begin wrong. You must not hate any one. You must not go away from your uncle with harsh words on your tongue."

"I shall not trouble myself about him at all; he has troubled himself little about me. I am going this very day; and when I am gone, he can do as he likes."

The young man looked down, and held the little white fingers listlessly in his own. The other hand slid gradually up until it rested upon his shoulder.

"Stephen, you must not go away without your uncle's permission. Whatever his coldness to you, I feel sure that he loves you. You will not go away without his permission. No good fortune will follow you if you do."

Stephen knew that Leonie was right. He had steeled his heart against his uncle, but he could not harden it against Leonie; and half an hour later, he stood before his uncle's desk with the same words he had just spoken to Leonie.

"Uncle, I am going to New York."

The old man raised his eyes from the paper on the desk, and fixed them with an astonished gaze on Stephen's face. Whatever he saw there, it altered his usual mode of action in an instant. Stephen expected only a sneer, or a harsh command to abandon his intention—instead of which, after Mr. Hampton had looked at his nephew, without speaking a word, he dropped his eyes back to the desk, and said,

"Well?"

"I am tired of this life, and intend doing something for myself."

"What?"

Stephen had created in his own mind a fabric for the future; but when the stern, practical question came from the stern, practical man, he was silent. Gradually he unfolded before the cold, unsympathising old man, his life-secret. He told him what he hoped, and what he dreamed, and finally told him all—all but his love for Leonie.

The next day Stephen Price left his native place for New York. A cold shake of the hand, a present of fifty dollars, and a letter introducing him to the firm of John Greenwell & Co., with an intimation that nothing farther need be expected, was his parting from his Uncle Hampton. There was something more powerful to send him on his life-journey from Leonie Grey. Only a few words from the fair girl, but they rang in his ears louder than the thunder of the train that bore him away—louder than the hum and crash of the city—louder than the cry of temptation, and stronger than the years that bridged the river of Time.

Leonie had said, with her arms twined about his neck, that she loved him—loved him in life and in death—him, and him only, forever. They had sealed their love with one long pressure of heart to heart. And Stephen went away, firm in the belief that the day would come when he would claim Leonie, and that Leonie would keep his dream unsullied.

The hand of Warren Grey was the last that Stephen grasped, and he drew the boy, to whom he felt more than a brother, with a quick, convulsive embrace, to him, as the cars rolled out of the dépôt, and then he sprang back to the platform, and was whirled away to the great city.

Three years, with Leonie Grey ever before him, the young man had worked away at the desk for Messrs. John Greenwell & Co.; three years, brave in heart, he had denied himself even the sight of Leonie; three years, since he had first stepped into the city, Stephen Price had studied and wrought with the one great end before him—Leonie! He must show those who had prophesied for him that he was worthy of her. He scorned to droop by the way; and so it was that each new difficulty that sprang up before his lance went down with a gallant thrust. He conceived that his boy-reputation had followed him into the house of John Greenwell & Co.,—and a greater gravity and attention [illegible] was not suited to business-exigencies, and a good part of his spare salary of five hundred dollars per annum went to fulfil the necessity. None so early, none so late, none so watchful as Stephen Price. His attention and self-sacrificing manner had met with great commendation from the heads of the firm, but not with advancement. Three years had now gone over, and Stephen stood no nearer his great end than on the day he came to New York. He would not complain, nor suffer any word of despondency to pass his lips—nothing even that bordered upon it, save only once in awhile in his letters to Leonie. She, with a true woman's courage, bade him hope on; they could both wait, she said,—when at last the fruit was ripe, it would be fuller and richer.

But this was New Year's Eve, and Stephen Price was walking homeward with a heavy heart. It had been the custom of Messrs. John Greenwell & Co. to present each of their employés with something substantial as a New Year present. The first year of Stephen's service, they had given him the very neat watch which he then wore; the second year the gift was fifty dollars; and this third year, Stephen had looked anxiously, though he feared to confess it, for the same gift. He had for many months been thinking over an intention to visit his old home;—to see Leonie;—to be once more a week with her for whom he had so struggled for three years. It was with this intention that, for the first time since he had been with them, he asked from his employers a week's holiday. It had been granted, but the gift to which he had looked for the means of accomplishing his great thought came not. He had seen each of his fellow-clerks receive their presents, and depart with the happiest faces, while he, last of all, went away unrewarded. There were some bitter thoughts circling through Stephen Price's brain that night on his way home. He thought of how much he had striven, not perhaps for Messrs. John Greenwell & Co., but for Leonie; and where was his reward? And then, many instances of his watchful devotion to his employer's interests, came up in his mind. One in particular within a few months, the acknowledgment of which he held in his pocket, in the shape of a letter from Mr. Greenwell himself, praising his foresight, and declaring that his premature attention to a certain matter of insurance had saved the firm an almost irretrievable loss. And yet he was going to his lonely home, on this New Year's Eve, when everybody else was so happy, a poor clerk on five hundred a-year, and only a few shillings in his pocket, which he rattled sarcastically as he felt for his night-key to let himself in.

"For the love of Heaven, young gentleman, give me something to buy me some food."

Stephen turned with a start—the voice had awakened him from his unquiet dream. There stood a man, or what had once been one. His clothes thin and squalid. His outstretched hands gaunt and claw-like, his face pinched and grey, and his eyes burning with a fire that spoke of agony and insanity. Stephen did not look long to take all this in. Utter, terrible, starving poverty, spoke out from every line; and the young man gathered up the stray coins in his pocket, and put them in the beggar's hand.

"And this is my New Year's Eve," thought Stephen, when he had got his coat off and his slippered feet resting on the fender. "And here is the property I have amassed by three years' labor." He looked around sneeringly at the few books and prints, the clothes, and what trifles lay about the room. "The wealth of three years;—what nonsense it is for the world to talk of honesty and perseverance; what nonsense to assert that 'money is the root of all evil.' The world is a fool. Give me money, and I would not be spending this New Year Eve sulking over my solitary fire; I would be in the streets; I would look for misery and wretchedness; I would make happiness and be happy myself. Give me wealth, and to-morrow I would be the happiest fellow alive. To-morrow, I would have those who years ago consigned me in their own minds to a bad end, acknowledge me their superior. To-morrow, I would see Leonie. To-morrow, I would have her name the day she would be my wife. Warren should be rich. My uncle should regret his hardness. I would be great, and respected."

Stephen pondered over it all, and contrasted his theory of three years ago with his present. He listened to the noise in the street, to the hundred sounds that told of the wild hilarity of the crowd, and then he came back to his own cheerless loneliness. Even in the very house there were gay times, but nobody asked him to join. The quiet young man, who always spent his evenings over his books, or in his room writing, had no companions in the house. He could hear the sound of music from below, and dancing. Then he could hear them laugh. Then came a ring, a silence, he heard his name, a step upon the stairs, a tap at his door. "Come in!" The door was opened and his landlady appeared, ushering in the gaunt beggar to whom, an hour before, he had given his last cent upon the doorsteps. Stephen started to his feet, but was too much astonished to speak. In a moment the man closed the door, and they were alone. There was an air of self-possession about the beggar, that seemed totally at variance with his position; and Stephen, as he looked at the wild ghostly eyes of the man, could not conceal from himself that they carried with their gaze something that sent a chill, nightmare sensation over him.

"This visit takes you a little by surprise," were the man's first words as he drew a chair to the fire, after turning the key in the door.

"Yes!"

"Well, sit still, you will be satisfied with it," he went on, "if you will listen patiently to what I have to say, without believing me either mad or drunk."

Stephen did not speak.

"Did you ever wish to be rich?"

Stephen started.

Could the man read his thought with those eyes of fire?

"It will be useless for you to say "yes." Asking the question is a mere matter of form. Who is there would not be rich? Who is there that, while suffering with a plethora of wealth, a glut that wears out both soul and body, would relinquish the curse? What will you do to possess boundless wealth?"

"Anything, everything!"

"Well answered," was the man's response, rubbing his dry, skinny hands together until they grated like a coffee-mill. "Will you give up the one you love best in all the world?"

"No!"

"No?" And the man laughed a little fearful laugh that sounded far away up the chimney. "No? Then there is one thing that you will not do. Will you consent never to do an unselfish action?"

"No!"

"No!" The man was delighted, the coffee-mill went harder than ever, and the laugh went out on the top of the house. "Then that's another thing you won't do. Will you kill your dearest friend?"

"No!" and Stephen jerked about on his seat fearfully, and scowled at the man.

"No, again! O dear! this is beautiful. Three things you will not do," rested his chin on his hand, and looked at Stephen. "Well! well! we must find you something more pleasant. Will you consent that, as long as its results meet with your desires, you will follow no occupation or business to increase your wealth?"

Stephen thought a moment, and answered, "Yes!"

"It is a bargain," said the man. "You shall be the richest in all the world. See, my friend, I did not need the pittance you bestowed upon me this evening; I am rich beyond conception." And the beggar drew from his pocket a handful of gold mixed loosely with gems of rare beauty and size.

Stephen involuntarily stretched forth his hand.

"Not this, not this," the man said, "this will be nothing to what you shall have before the night is over. I have told you to listen patiently, without believing me either mad or drunk."

Stephen promised.

"I possess the secret of transmutation of metals, and must part with it before midnight."

The man hissed this into Stephen's ear; and despite of his promise, the young man sprang to his feet, and looked upon his companion as a madman, blaming himself for listening so long to one who so outraged probability.

"Sit down, sit down," he continued, and Stephen yielded to the command. "I repeat what I have said. I have the power to turn the baser metals into gold. Before this night is over, you shall be convinced. I am the alchemist, Alexander Sethon."

Again Stephen sprang from his chair.

"Speak truth, man, or something that sounds like it. Is there anything in my face that led you to believe that I am a fool?" and the blood rushed up in Stephen's forehead and cheeks, "Alexander Sethon the alchemist has been dead some centuries."

The man laughed again, until the echo ran all about the house, and came in shivering through every opening, no matter how small.

"Yes, so I have been told," he chuckled out. "I died, they said, at Cracow, in Poland, in 1604. I ought to know best about that; I died to save my life. Ah! that false scoundrel, Sendigovius, who rescued me from my prison and the rack, only to consign me to a worse fate. Had he left me to the Elector of Saxony, who sought to wring my secret from me by the torture of fire and starvation, I could not have fared worse. No! I did not die. I feigned death to escape the hands of Sendigovius. We are allowed, by virtue of the great medicine, to live five hundred years; and to possess the secret of transmutation half that time. My term for the last ends this night at twelve. To live for the balance of the time, I am obliged to impart my secret, and I have selected you as my heir."

"Selected me! Why?" and Stephen still gazed doubtingly on the man.

"Why? For the very simple reason that I have only a few moments ago told you: that he who has the curse of gold, would never relinquish it by his own will. I have always known that, before midnight of this year, I must surrender the secret and the power that it confers, to another, and still I have clung to it with a passion that has deterred me from day to day, and from year to year, in the selection of the recipient. I have fallen upon hundreds, and rejected them, until, when the night came down upon this, my last day, I had made no choice. I came into the streets dressed as a beggar, with the resolve to bestow the great gift on whoever gave the first alms, in the hope that by so doing, I would confer it on one who would use it better than I have done. You were that one, and on you has fallen the gift of gold."

Stephen was stupefied. He looked long and earnestly at the man. He was not mad; every word he uttered came clear and coherent. He would——

"Speak quick, do you accept?" The man rose to his feet, and made one step toward the door. "There is no time to lose; it wants now but two hours of midnight. There must be no trifling. Do you accept? If so, follow me."

He opened the door, and stood in the hall. Stephen drew on his boots with a quick jerk, and threw his coat over his arm. The man slipped along with a noiseless eel-like shuffle into the street. On he went, never looking behind. On through the crowded streets touching nobody. On by glaring gas-lit windows without looking. Down a dark, weary-looking lane,—up a crazy staircase,—there was the rattle of a key in the lock, a dull, dreamy light coming through an open door, and Stephen Price stood beside the man in a small room, where just enough light glowed from a furnace to show the contents. There were jars and retorts, crucibles and pipes, scales, strange instruments, and moulds. But that to which the young man's eye clung with greedy tenacity, was the heaps and piles of yellow gold, lying everywhere, loose and careless, as though it were but the meanest dross. He was wild with excitement, and for the first few moments the words of the Alchemist fell on unheeding ears.

An hour passed away, and Stephen Price was the possessor of the secret of transmutation, the embryo-monarch of the wealth of the world. The Alchemist stood watching the trembling successor of his greatness.

"That wisdom," he said, "for which I toiled so long, you have in a single hour. When I pass from this place, the power will be gone from me. I have yet to live, should I so choose, two centuries and a half. The gold which I have spent these last years in making, and which now lies in this room, is my own. To-night I shall remove but little of it; to you I leave the task of sending it to me at such places as these letters direct."

The Alchemist placed some documents in Stephen's hand, and took from the shelves a few ingots of the gold, which he placed in his pockets.

"The powder of projection is also the medicine of life. Use it cautiously, and remember that it is powerless on all save yourself. One thing only more. In this phial"—he held a colorless fluid to the light—"is a liquid which may yet serve you; it is no transmitted knowledge, it is a discovery of my own. If at any time you should weary of this secret, or weary of your invulnerable life, drop a single atom from it, and the perfume will reach me wherever I may be, and I will teach you how to relieve yourself of the burden. Farewell! Remember your oaths, remember your promises!"

The Alchemist was gone.

All night long Stephen Price sat in the dim, smoky room, melting and casting. All night long he went on adding heaps and piles to the heaps and piles of gold. He saw the daylight come through the little prison-like window, but still he worked on. Ingot after ingot rolled out of the moulds. The clocks of the city rang out the midday strokes, and the sun was shining merrily. Once in awhile the far-distant tinkle of the sleigh-bells and the hum of the crowded street would come up to him; but still he worked on. Gold, gold! more gold! The night fell down, and hunger drove him forth. He ate with ravenous celerity, and hurried back, lest somebody should discover the spot of his wealth. More gold! Deep into the night his fire glowed, [illegible] The first light that met Stephen's eye as he awakened, were the documents given him by the Alchemist, telling him where to send the gold. He looked at them with a shiver of dread, and about on the heaps of glittering metal with desiring eyes. He gave the treadle of the bellows a few motions, and the fire burned fiercely up. The letters were in his hand. The gold danced and shimmered in his eyes. There was a groan, a chatter of the teeth, a licking tongue of flame, and the papers lay a mass of cinders in the furnace.

More gold. Day after day, night after night, Stephen Price sat before the furnace. He brought food, and remained within the room, slept beside his wealth. He smelted and cast, piled, and heaped, and thought. He thought of Leonie. He loved Leonie; but now, O! now he was rich,—and would be great. He loved Leonie. The fire blazed up with a fierce forked tongue of flame. But now, he could not marry her. He must marry a proud, a queen-like woman, one whose connections were great in the land. One who could do honor to his wealth. Yes! he loved Leonie; he would make her rich. He would make Warren rich. They should all be rich; but he must know them no more. More gold. The days and the nights were rolling away, and the wealth lay in millions in the dusky room. Some place of greater security must be found. By night, he took the treasure away, and by day placed it in safety. In banks, in the mint, in the hands of the assayers and refiners. Rich men and officials bowed to him, and talked of great investments. Bankers and brokers questioned cautiously, and wondered from whence had arisen this sudden millionaire. Haggard men with eager eyes offered brilliant schemes of speculation. Beautiful women smiled and fluttered about the man of gold. No more love. He loved Leonie. He must see Leonie. The furnace fire should be dark for awhile, and Stephen Price would see Leonie.

Once more he stood in the town where he was born. Once more he clasped Leonie in his arms. Leonie, so beautiful, but not proud. Leonie, more childlike, more sisterly, more confiding than ever. So beautiful, but not proud. So angel-like, but not great. Warren, too, had grown to be a man. A mild, gentle, blue-eyed, brotherly man. Everything, everybody was improved. Even his harsh uncle Hampton had grown kind, and grasped his hand with a fervor he had not known in the olden time. Once more Stephen Price was a boy. The years were lost, and his life was gained.

Days went by, and the great memory of the gold came back. He was wasting time. He must return to his furnace-fires. He loved Leonie. O! yes, with all his soul; but—Leonie could never be his wife. He must look higher. He must go back to his gold, and he must tell Leonie that she was free.

One bright, snowy, moonlight night, by the cheerful blaze of the snug parlor of Leonie's home, Stephen Price told her of his great wealth. He pictured it in its immensity to the listening girl, who sat silent and grave. He spoke of their altered positions, of his aspirations and ambitions; and then, while he told Leonie that he still loved her, he bade her relinquish all hope of becoming his wife, and said that from then she was free.

Leonie rose slowly to her feet, and looked wildly at the man who was speaking so coldly, so fearfully. She looked with one long steadfast gaze,—and a great shrill cry went through the house, and Leonie lay cold and lifeless upon the floor. They took her from Stephen Price's arms, and bore her away to her room, and the next morning the man of gold was flying toward the city.

Days and weeks passed by, and the furnace-fires glowed incessantly. Stephen Price was courted and flattered, and grew greater every hour. One day there came to him, in the very midst of his splendor, a wild-eyed, pale, and trembling man. He looked long at Stephen Price, and spoke, before the millionaire knew his old schoolmate, his brother, Warren Grey.

"Leonie is dead!" were his words.

Stephen Price started, but gold inspires confidence. He stared fearlessly on the ghostly man, and leaned well back in the luxurious chair.

"You are her murderer!"

Stephen Price stretched forth his hand to the bell-rope, that the lackeys who would spring to the summons might thrust the impudent intruder into the street. He was not quick enough; the trembling man had his hand on the rich one's throat, and clung there with the hold of a tiger. They struggled and held each grimly for life. As the door flung open, and the servants, alarmed by the noise, rushed into the room; the rich man had thrown off the trembler with a great curse, and he lay with his face upward on the floor. The lackeys sprang to hold down the prostrate man. There was no need; he would never rise more without aid. The man was dead, they told their master, and the command was to bear him away to the nearest station-house, he was a robber, and had justly met his fate.

The dispensers of justice came up to the man of gold, and took his deposition. They were sorry to trouble him. A mere matter of form. A desperate villain, no doubt. Had been already recognized as a bad character. Fortunate escape. Must be more careful. Good citizens are scarce. The city swarms with these fellows.

Stephen Price was congratulated on his escape from the robber, by all his great friends. They cautioned him about the lavish display of wealth that tempted the attack. They commended his bravery. They said everything; and everything they said, burnt and seared like a branding-iron into the heart and brain of the millionaire.

The days and the months went on, and the great friends of Stephen Price whispered among themselves. The millionaire never made any investments, never made any speculations, never gave to great charities, or doled out his wealth in small ones. It was very strange, they said, the man of gold never gave great parties, or courted society. Stranger still, he never formed intimacies, and looked suspiciously on all who approached him. Most strange and wonderful, nobody gained anything by his wealth, they said it was all lavished on himself. Still more strange and wonderful: and so, those who were rich and powerful dropped away, but the poor, the parasites, the hopers against hope, still clung on, and sought, without success, to bleed the rich man. They came back with fresh vigor to the attack, until Stephen Price lashed about him with blind fury, like a great worm crawling and twisting amid an army of termites. The world, he said, was one mass of vampyres, who wanted only his gold, and they should not have it. He thought no more of the proud beauty with high-born connections. He looked upon every woman's smile as a pitfall for his wealth; on every man's fair word, as a lure. He grew so very old in worldly lore and selfish wisdom, that the hard furrows deepened on his face, and the silver came freely in his dark hair. He sat in the midst of his hired servitors, and dreamed that he had buried the past,—the past that was so beautiful once, but now struggled up through all the surroundings of his gold, like a great grim ghost, withering and blasting whatever it touched.

[illegible] gained home. The streets were filled with music; [illegible] tering feet; the music of the tinkling bells; and the music of the human voice in gladness; and the prayer that arose to God, from a million of happy hearts. Stephen Price, surrounded by every appliance of ease, and every splendor of wealth, cursed the music of the streets. He looked in the mirrors that hung on every side, and saw only himself. No longer the Stephen Price of old, but changed, so changed from the hale, handsome fellow of the past. He must be old, now. It seems such a weary while since the great burden first came. One year! O! gracious heavens! but one year to turn the heart to stone; to furrow the face; to dim the eyes, and silver the hair. All in one year!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

Stephen Price crouched down in the silk-lined chair, and scowled toward the street.

"Only one year! What will another bring? I cannot die. Ah! there I am safe. Gold can be won by the world, but not life. Only—one—year."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

The rich man crouched deeper and deeper. The room was growing very chill. Where came those shadows from, that flitted along the frescoed wall? Not from the street; the blinds were closed and the curtains were drawn. Again——Leonie——Warren. Oh! how terribly chill the room is.

Stephen Price is fumbling, clumsily, in a secret pocket. He has become a trembler. There is a sound all through that beautiful room as of a shivering, chattering man. The night is very cold. He holds a small phial of colorless liquid in his hand, and tries hard with shaking fingers to draw the cork.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

"Oh! dear me, Mr. Price, excuse me. I thought you said 'come in,' when I knocked. I really didn't know you were asleep. How can you sleep on New Year's Eve? This gentleman wanted to see you. That bundle does so look as though it was a present for you, that I showed him right up. Dear me, Mr. Price, I do hope you'll come down stairs this evening, and help us make egg-nogg. Do make yourself sociable on New Year's Eve. We're all plain folks, but we'll be right glad to see you."

And off the landlady bustled.

"A package for you, Mr. Price, and I wish you a Happy New Year, sir!"

Stephen took the package; it was very heavy for its size. The man was gone.

"A package for me?"

He stripped away the envelopes. Was he awake? There was gold! More gold! all in rolls. No ingots; but good, sound, solid coin. Two letters. Who from? The handwriting of Uncle Hampton, and of Mr. Greenwell. What mystery is this?

Sir,—Enclosed please find One Thousand Dollars ($1000), as a partial acknowledgment of the firm of John Greenwell & Co., that your services have been acceptable to them. You will also please take notice, that from this date, the desk formerly occupied by our respected bookkeeper, Mr. Nicholas Gerse, who has become one of the house of Humdrum, Slow & Co., will be your position. Your salary will be Two Thousand Dollars ($2000) per annum.

Your obedient servants,
JOHN GREENWELL & Co.

New York, Dec. 31, 18—.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

Stephen thought the music of the streets was beautiful.

—— Dec. 31, 18—.

My Dear Boy,—I earnestly wish you A Happy New Year. How much real pleasure it gives me to greet you so, when I know how well you deserve it! I have to confess to you my agreeable disappointment in your altered life, but I know that you will not insist on apologies from an old man. I know who your good angel has been, and believe me that I love her more dearly than a daughter.

I have been in correspondence with Messrs. John Greenwell & Co., and their praise of you has been the most agreeable business intelligence I have ever received. There is some talk on their side of a partnership. When they have concluded about this, the money shall not be wanting. From them I hear that you have leave of absence. To-morrow, then, I shall see you; and if I am not mistaken, somebody will call back his young days, and dance at a wedding before the month of January is gone.

With the renewed affection of your Uncle,

JAMES HAMPTON.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

[For THE SATURDAY PRESS

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I.

With a bottle and a friend—
Friend is Tom, and bottle Sherry—
I shall now begin and end
This brief space where two years blend,
Wondrous wise and merry.

II.

Never yet was there a woe
That had not a pleasure pressing
Close upon its heels; and so
Through the Old and New we go,
Each at some time blessing.

III.

Though the Old Year brought to me
Little joy and much of sorrow,
In the New I hope to be
Happier; my joys, you see,
Always come—to-morrow.

IV.

So, when Fifty-Nine shall end,
Tom, and I, and Golden Sherry
Finest wine and oldest friend—
Kill the space where two years blend,
Making wondrous merry.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

— Frederick Gregorvius, well known by his spirited Corsican sketches, is writing an elaborate "History of the City of Rome during the Middle Ages." The first volume, just published at Stuttgart, extends to the capture of the Imperial City by the Lombards, in A. D. 568. It will be followed by two other volumes.

Special Notices.

FREDERICK'S Photographic Visiting Card.
FREDERICK'S Photographic Visiting Card.
FREDERICK'S Photographic Visiting Card.
FREDERICK'S Photographic Visiting Card.
FREDERICK'S Photographic Visiting Card.

A NEW FEATURE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.
A NEW FEATURE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.
A NEW FEATURE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.
A NEW FEATURE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.
A NEW FEATURE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE ONLY VISITING CARDS USED IN PARIS AND LONDON.
THE ONLY VISITING CARDS USED IN PARIS AND LONDON.
THE ONLY VISITING CARDS USED IN PARIS AND LONDON.
THE ONLY VISITING CARDS USED IN PARIS AND LONDON.
THE ONLY VISITING CARDS USED IN PARIS AND LONDON.

Call and Examine Specimens on Exhibition.
Call and Examine Specimens on Exhibition.
Call and Examine Specimens on Exhibition.
Call and Examine Specimens on Exhibition.
Call and Examine Specimens on Exhibition.

Frederick's Galleries 585 and 587 Broadway.
Frederick's Galleries 585 and 587 Broadway.
Frederick's Galleries 585 and 587 Broadway.
Frederick's Galleries 585 and 587 Broadway.
Frederick's Galleries 585 and 587 Broadway.

Warm Clothing for Winter Wear!!

Handsome Black Cloth Overcoats	$ 5 to $10
Fine Black Cloth Overcoats	12 to 18
Esquimaux Beaver Overcoats	15 to 20
Moscow Beaver Overcoats	10 to 18
Blue, Black, and Brown Castor Beaver	20 to 20
Fur Beaver Overcoats	9 to 12
Excellent Pilot Overcoats	6 to 12
Mixed Beaver, Cassimere, Melton, and other Overcoats	4 to —

AT EVANS'] 66 and 68 [FULTON STREET.

CARD.

The undersigned, members, for nearly a year, of Mr. Robert Goldbeck's Conservatory of Music, feel it to be equally a duty and pleasure to call the attention of the musical public to an Institution by which they have been so much profited.

Sharing, as they did at first, in the general prejudice against the new method of Class-Teaching, it was only their confidence in the ability and conscientiousness of their Teacher, which induced them to place themselves under his direction. This confidence was speedily rewarded by progress no less gratifying than uniform and thorough; and they now wish to state, that believing the class system as enunciated by Mr. Goldbeck, to be deserving of public attention, they would cordially urge such a consideration of its merits and advantages, as would tend to its further advancement.

F. A. WHITE,
E. LELZEISER,
WM. H. H. WAY,
M. S. ANDREWS,
ADDIE VAN DYKE,
J. MCCREADY.

New York, Dec 31st, 1859.

William Everdell & Sons,
ENGRAVERS and PRINTERS,
104 Fulton (near William street), New York.
VISITING CARDS FOR THE HOLIDAYS
[ESTABLISHED 1815.]

The London Style!
YOUR PHOTOGRAPH ON A VISITING CARD
25 Copies for One Dollar.
Apply only at
S. A. HOLMES,
317 Broadway (adjoining the New York Hospital), N. Y.

Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship BREMEN, for Liverpool, Saturday, December 31st, at 1½ o'clock, P. M.

CHICKERING & SONS,
Manufacturers of
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOS,
[Warerooms No. 694 Broadway.

Chickering & Sons have been awarded thirty-five prize medals for the superiority of their manufacture for the past thirty-five years. Also for sale,
MASON & HAMLIN'S SUPERIOR
MELODIONS AND HARMONIUMS
for Parlors, Churches, Vestries, and Lodges. At Wholesale and Retail.
PIANOS TO LET.

BRADY'S GALLERY.—REMOVAL.
REMOVED FROM 359 BROADWAY, TO 643 BROADWAY, CORNER OF BLEECKER STREET.
PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERREOTYPES & AMBROTYPES.
** Portraits of celebrities (living and dead) in the financial, political, religious, and artistical world.

CANVASSERS wanted in every town in the United States, to canvass for THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS. A liberal commission allowed. For particulars, address
HENRY CLAPP, JR., Publisher,
9 Spruce street, New York.

[From the *Press*, Philadelphia, October 7, 1859.]
Spalding's Prepared Glue.

To have a favorite piece of china chipped or broken, a pet book with its binding torn, a nice piece of furniture fractured, is a terrible and temper-destroying nuisance. Not without remedy, as we can testify. Mr. Spalding, who advertises his Prepared Glue in the *Press* to-day, sent us some of it yesterday. We devoted two hours to its practical application—result, two carved chairs completely restored, many odds and ends of china and glass made fit for use, a tattered map made as good as new, several daguerreotypes cases renovated, and an old folio edition of Herodotus and Homer, printed in the year 1500, whose antique boards (literally boards) were split, made strong enough to last for another century or two. We might have mended any quantity of children's broken toys, but caved in after an hour at the worst of them. This Prepared Glue, which is a liquid about as thick as glue, and applied by a brush which accompanies each bottle, is so indispensable in a house that we now wonder how we could have gone without it.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.
HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing, that from and after the first of January next, Mr. ROBERT W. PEARSALL, of this city, will be associated in the proprietorship of THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS, which, as our readers will be pleased to learn, is now established on a permanent foundation.

BY ORDER OF THE EMPEROR!

The SATURDAY PRESS has been excluded from France.

So much the worse for France.

Louis Napoleon can't see it.

So much the worse for Louis Napoleon.

Various people in France wish to read the paper, in fact actually pay for the privilege of reading it, but Louis Napoleon says it is a dangerous sheet, and that if they have no more regard for their own safety (and for *his*), than to take it, he must interfere and thus save both them and the state.

He says the same thing of the *London Times*, and of *Punch*.

Hence, neither *Punch*, nor the *London Times*, nor the SATURDAY PRESS, can be admitted any more in his dominions.

So much the worse for the minions.

If the people should be left to judge for themselves in the matter, or in any matter, the country would go to pieces, or, rather, the Empire would—in a week.

Such, at least, is Louis Napoleon's opinion, and if he doesn't know, who does?

So the French subscribers to *Punch*, the *Times*, and the SATURDAY PRESS, must forego the pleasure of reading those journals, and rejoice that they have in Louis Napoleon an Emperor who has such a keen sense of "self-preservation," which, as Mother Goose or somebody says, "is the first law of Nature."

It seems that his Empiric Majesty has a grudge against the SATURDAY PRESS because it persistently denied, all through the recent War, that he had any idea of giving liberty to Italy.

The SATURDAY PRESS didn't believe that a monarch who refused liberty to his own people, would ever do anything toward giving liberty to any other people.

Everybody is of the same opinion, *now*; but THE SATURDAY PRESS was of that opinion, *then*.

And it said so.

Said so while all the other journals in the city—and, in the country, for that matter—said the other thing; said, in substance, that Louis Napoleon was the Heaven-appointed Apostle of Liberty; and, moreover, kept on saying so until the War was over, when they said nothing at all, but suddenly relapsed into silence, which they ought to have maintained from the beginning (as we told them at the time), since they knew nothing whatever of what they were talking about, and silence would therefore have been (as eccentric people say of honesty) the best policy.

But the difficulty with ye Able Editor is that he feels obliged to write about everything,—and, more than this, to express solemn opinions about everything,—and that, Whether he knows anything about the matter or not.

Accordingly he had to write about the war, and accordingly he made a fool of himself, and accordingly Louis Napoleon laughed in his sleeve at him (and it *was* funny to see ye Able Editor attributing to the Emperor of the French a desire to free Italy), and not only laughed at him, but permitted his wonderful sheet to enter France and be read—if so be anybody might wish to read it—throughout the Empire.

But to return.

THE SATURDAY PRESS not only denied that Louis Napoleon had any idea of giving liberty to Italy, but it went so far as to deny that he had ever been elected President, Emperor, or anything else of the French.

It insisted that the people had never, since Louis of him at the polls or anywhere else; that the so-called elections which have taken place under his régime, were the most ridiculous farces in the world; that no man could openly vote against him, or against any of his kith or kin, unless he did so, as the boys say, within an inch of his life.

Any man who deposited a vote against him ran the risk of being sent to Cayenne for the act, and fed on red pepper for the rest of his life.

Now, Louis Napoleon don't like to have such things said of him. They are so true, that if they should get about among his people—and it is astonishing how truth will get about once it has been let loose—it would put the mischief into them.

He can prevent the truth from being uttered in France—and does prevent it, even in private circles—for the whole nation is gagged; but all he can do, so far as other countries are concerned, is to prevent anything of truth that may be uttered there from being admitted into his Empire.

Hence he keeps a strict watch on the foreign press. Not a journal is allowed to pass through the Post-Office without first being examined by his functionaries, who, upon finding anything objectionable in one of them, are instructed to report the matter directly to him, when, as a rule, he immediately orders it to be excluded thereafter from the country.

THE SATURDAY PRESS has been subjected to this ordeal, and is now a contraband sheet.

Of course we consider its exclusion from France, under such circumstances, as a great compliment.

We accordingly extend to the Emperor our humble acknowledgments, and shall be happy, at any time, to reciprocate, by doing what we can toward excluding the mention of his name in any part of this country, except in terms of just execration.

To blame him for his course toward the London *Times*, *Punch*, THE SATURDAY PRESS, or any other independent sheet, would of course be absurd. Such a course is his only safety. Free speech would ruin him before he knew it. He feels this, or he would encourage free speech. He knows that his "Napoleonic ideas" won't bear discussion, and resolves, therefore, very properly, that they shan't be discussed. A free journal in France fills him, therefore, with utter dismay, even when it is a foreign journal, and printed in a language which not a thousand people in his whole Empire can understand.

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

A portrait—full-length.

Of the first gentleman in the country—officially, at least.

Close on to six feet high—he has been taller, in younger days—and with the stoutness which imparts the air of perfect respectability to the owner, and yet does not seem to interfere at all with free, vigorous movement.

A pleasant, round face, carrying the smile of one satisfied with his lot in life. The eyes, blue in color, but never matched to trot together in harness. One, all placidity and meekness,—the other, a sort of "long Tom" swung on a pivot amidships, and raking everything coming within hail, so fiercely that any dishonest craft generally strikes after the first shot. Head as white as the head of one of the old time statesmen of the Republic should be—white as the snowy cambric which invariably enfolds his neck.

In the street, always carefully dressed in quiet black, walking with the animation and confidence of a man a score of years younger. Ask any of your famous Seventh Regiment men how he went down the front of their line at quick step, when he reviewed them here, last Summer, and you'll probably be told "Like an old soldier, sir."

For my part, I wanted to see him, after that performance, don the epaulets and chapeau-bras.

I write of the President of the United States.

You observe, I don't say "His Excellency."

For two reasons: One, a good one,—he don't like it. The second, a better,—he is not entitled to it.

As a hint to your readers (if *your* readers are *mine* too), it is *de rigeur* to write "To the President of the United States"; it is equally *convenable* to address him orally as "Mr. President."

Some people here, who ought to know better, think it very tip-toppish and democratic to allude to him always as "Old Buck." I know an office-holder who even disgraces himself by the constant use of the term "Jim Buchanan." He is a radical democrat, and believes that there is an "irrepressible conflict" between Democracy and Dignity.

One of that kind of people who think the President of the United States no better than any of the unwashed sovereigns, once commenced an appeal to him with, "Now, Squire, see here." To whom the President thus replied: "Mr. Hogge, a *few* of my old Pennsylvania friends *sometimes* call me 'Squire'; but no other persons." Mr. Hogge subsided.

I'm getting off the track.

The President is a hard-working man. He follows old Richard's maxim of "early to bed and early to rise"; and whether as a "*post* hoc, vel *propter* hoc," he has reaped the promised reward, of being "healthy, wealthy and wise"—enough to reach the White House. He has been the Head of Department, and he knows how details are to be managed. He has been abroad in the Government service, and he knows how Government agents abroad should carry themselves. In his official intercourse he is precise, and, as one might expect, old-maidish (I speak it with reverence), and hates blots, splashes, untidiness, and that-'ll-do-ism, as he does the D—ouglass. Always doing the work before him, he not unreasonably looks for the same diligence on the part of subordinates; and he succeeded, not long ago, in inspiring the clerkly—(I never say clerical in that sense)—the clerkly corps here with a wholesome notion of diligence, by giving out, when one of that corpus couldn't be found at his post, that "a hundred clerks had better be removed than that the President of the United States should lose one hour waiting for him."

When 10 o'clock at night comes, he rises, and gracefully "leaving you to the ladies," retires to his bachelor pillow. The first, and it is to be hoped, the last celibate whom the People will place in custody of the national bedrooms.

The President receives twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, a furnished house, a private secretary, a steward, a couple of doorkeepers, who are his messengers, a gardener, and his gas-lights, at the public fisc.

It isn't more than half enough.

A state dinner in this Metropolis is no bagatelle. And yet how many must the President give *ex officio*! There are diplomatic dinners, and cabinet ditto; there are Supreme Court dinners, and Military ditto; and there is that everlasting row of Members of Congress to be fed once a week, in turn, as many as the table will hold, and then *da capo*; and then incidental dinners to illustrious men from abroad; and I'd like any Fifth avenue or Union Club-House man in New York to say how far twenty-five thousand a-year would go to do all that, and pay the other ordinary expenses of a well-organized household.

Twenty-five thousand per annum, when that sum was adopted as President's salary, would procure about as much as seventy thousand in our more luxurious and costly times.

So, being perfectly disinterested, and having no ambitious views toward the Executive Chair, I go in, as a matter of self-respect, for doubling the President's salary, so that I will know he is sustaining the dignity of the country as the impersonation of American gentlemen, at the country's cost, and not out of his fat wheat-ricks at Lancaster.

His annual *accouchement* came off yesterday.

And a stoutish, weighty "broth of a boy" it is. It reminds one of the similar productions of Silas Wright at Albany.

Have you read it? "No." Why? "Life is short and the Message isn't."

O, Editor! if you don't tell your readers about the Message they will think you unenterprising. [illegible] of its contents, and then they will know whether it will fully repay the perusal." I will take it by subjects.

1. Thanks to Divine Providence. [Good, especially the allusion to our "demerits."]
2. "Ossawatamie." [Remembering that "the least said the soonest mended."]
3. Nigger. [From the stand-point of the Dred-Scott decision.]
4. Ditto. [Looked at from the quarter-deck of the *Wanderer*.]
5. China. [Endorsing Mr. Ward's stupid performance of butting his head against the great wall of Chinese Kou-touism.]
6. Paraguay. [Not a word about Bowlin who did it all in two weeks; but a good deal about the "promptness" of the Navy Department; in which connection *quære ad hoc*: If it take the said Department twelve months to scare up a ricketty squadron of hoopless tubs to make war on Paraguay, how long will it take to get together a squadron to keep off a Spanish Armada, if we should think of a descent on Cuba?]
7. A rod in pickle for Spain.
8. San Juan and the Great Military Peace-maker.
9. "Oliver asks for more." [Pray, O, Editor, that he may get it, and let all our blood-thirsty folks go off and be phlebotomized by the Mexicans, instead of by each other.]
10. The last Congress "catches it," for not providing funds for the Postoffice Incubus.
11. Pacific Railway ignis fatuus.
12. Figures.
13. District of Columbia. [Including what Tom Benton called the "political eunuchs" dwelling therein.]

On the whole I advise you not to read the preceding summary, but rather to read the Message.

UMOS.

THE ROYAL BOHEMIAN SUPPER.

[Reported by Getty Gay.]

Her Majesty the Queen of Bohemia on Christmas-night received her most distinguished subjects at supper, in her palace fronting on 4442d street. Though suffering from a cold and hoarseness, Her Majesty graciously presided at the royal board in person, showered her smiles with sunlike impartiality, and made everybody happy.

Among her most illustrious guests were her royal Captive, the Grand Seignor of Turkey; Count Wilkinski, Minister Plenipotentiary from the Court of Empress Anna Maria; the Countess of Peoria; Lady Gay; Baron Clapper; Sir Peter Porter, Knight of Malta; Sir Archibald Hooper; and Lord Pierceall, Troubadour to Her Majesty.

Whether the Queen intended to remind her Oriental Captive of his native land, or to display the greatness of her glory by humiliating so exalted a personage as the Grand Seignor, we know not; but she ordered him to carve the turkey. He bowed his head submissively to the royal mandate, and disappeared from the room with downcast looks, following in solemn procession after the bird. Ere long, he returned with the skeleton of the same, and placed it before the Queen. A thousand swords flashed in the gas-light, and the sanguinary stream of the Sublime Porte would have been spilt on the instant but for the command of the Queen, who calmly demanded an explanation of the audacious potentate.

He opened not his mouth.

"Did you mean, sir," put in Baron Clapper, who could not keep his tongue quiet—"did you mean, sir, by this to intimate that you have 'boned' the turkey, or that you make 'no bones' of our Royal Mistress?"

The G. T. drew himself up to his full height, some seven feet, and said,

"Precisely—just so! I deposited the skeleton of the turkey before you all, that you might derive great moral, if not material, nutriment from it. A moment ago, what gobbler among you was so fat as this? And now even G. G. is no leaner! Once upon a time I was the greatest of Turkeys;—behold me now! The Queen turned pale; the lights burned blue; there was an awful pause. After several baskets of champagne had been emptied, the company recovered its spirits.

The G. T. was not slaughtered, but the havoc made in the viands was terrible. The mirth grew fast and furious, but not faster than Baron Clapper's tongue. He rattled away, getting off a great many good things, and some very bad. He toasted every one, but first of all proposed the health of the Youngest and Loveliest—the Queen of Bohemia.

Her Majesty replied by giving "The Oldest Man."

The Baron took it to himself, declaring that the title belonged to him, not on account of the length of his years or beard, but by reason of the sagacity of his counsel, and his inability to remember when he was born. He retaliated by giving the First of Her Majesty's subjects—the infant Prince of Bohemia—which was responded to with immense enthusiasm.

The Queen was much gratified, and proposed to drink to the long life and prosperity of THE SATURDAY PRESS, the independent organ of Bohemia.

Baron Clapper sprang to his feet, and burst into a torrent of eloquence which which rolled on till it gave out. He declared that the success of his darling paper was owing to Her Majesty's and others' contributions, and gave "The army of contributors to the SATURDAY PRESS." Count Wilkinski, in replying, answered that the Baron was not only a brick, but a tower, as no other man living could have carried the PRESS through a week, under banks of jokes more ponderous than bullion.

The Queen of Bohemia drank to Cortesi, queen of Song; "The Oldest Man" to Patti, Queen of Melody, and then the health of her majesty's Troubadour was purposed in due order. He, in reply, sang a song the words of which were composed by the Queen herself. It deserved an encore, and won it. "The Flower of Peoria" was next given, and obtained from the Countess a musical response of such delicious sweetness as fairly to entrance all hearers. Her beauty, melody, and vivacity quite overthrew the Baron, and he fell at her feet. Even Count Wilkinski with all his vaunted indifference, after trying hard "not to see it," had to melt, like snow in the sunlight, beneath her radiant power. In jealousy the Baron rose and proposed the health of the Empress Anna Maria, casting dark insinuations at the same time, which roused the Count like a lion from his lair.

"Anna Maria is not a myth!" he thundered.

"Do you lisp, sir?" asked the Countess.

"No, madame," said he blushing. "Anna Maria is a miss and not a myth. She was born of rich but respectable parents and"——

"That's why you are banished, I fear," said the Baron.

The Count retorted; swords were drawn; but the Queen soon brought the heated noblemen to a sense of propriety, and, to give them an example of magnanimity, proposed the health of the captive Oriental Monarch. The G. T. answered in the choicest Arabic, but, on account of the confusion, could not obtain a fair audience. Sir Archibald Hooper, so tenderly attached to the Countess, was also drank to, and much complimented by the ladies, for no one can get round them like Hooper. Lady Gay, who flirted (with the Baron and the Count) in a scarlet dress, embroidered, was last toasted on account of the inflammatory nature of her costume, and was drank to by all except Turkey, who had taken offence at her high color.

The champagne baskets and bottles now growing empty, and the Bohemians full, each member of the company gave way to his wildest inspiration. The Baron challenged the Troubadour to a singing bout, and, before he broke down, he managed to get through three bars of "Old Hundred." Lady Gay tried to talk sentiment; the Grand Turk to joke; the Countess to repeat her own poetry, and relate her early inducements; but the Troubadour poured forth lay on lay; the Knight of Malta drank freely to his own health; the Queen of Bohemia looked more than ever like the Goddess of Love and Beauty; and Count Wilkinski, thoroughly dissolved for the first time in his life, fell at [illegible] and swore eternal allegiance to the Bohemian Queen!

LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec., 29, 1859.

We are desolate. Patti has left us so. Lately I have been retiring to bed at nine o'clock, in order to dream about her, but will not do so any more. The last time, 'pon my word, the little brown girl changed into a large black woman, that I took for somebody in "The Octoroon"! After passing through various stages the dreadful shape became the Embodiment of a Great Principle, and held out a lump of gross color for me to kiss, at which I awoke with a cry of terror.

I am anticipating some fresh experiences. Philadelphia does not see New Year's. The fellows have all their friends in New York, and go out in the morning on Camden & Amboy. Our moulds of fashion do not drink their glass of form every place they stop, because it is not put out anywhere, and the girls never think of staying in. I have failed in an attempt to have a special train run over the mysterious realm between us, all for me, so I mean to do a little something of my own in the way of celebration. I am going to pay three men I get things from! I find the idea the most fruitful I have ever had. It is a perfect banian of the imagination. I spend hours in vain endeavoring to conceive the various receptions I will get from the worthy tradesmen. Somehow I think the confectioner (I broke him once in caramels) will stand it best. The other men have not so much nerve as he. They will scarcely survive the shock. It will be bad to inflict unnecessary pain upon their innocent families. Perhaps, after all, it will be incurring too serious a responsibility. Bodkin, I have heard, is prone to rushes of blood to the head. I must think it over again. But wasn't it a good idea at first?

The serious and sober-minded have a more important matter to consider than Page's Venus. A brilliant man of God has been flashing in the ecclesiastical firmament. Small lights have just gone out, and no more about it. He was brought over from Ireland under an experienced impressario of sacred things, the native attractions having showed signs of a falling-off, with the reputation of a real stunner—a shepherd that never failed to draw flocks—an irresistible converter. Guiness has made a great hit. A succession of pious jams has attended his ministry. The Emerald domestic I refer to in cases of thick coffee and irrepressible bread has gone demented, what with him. Eddy is an infant to him in melodrama. He is an orthodox acrobat, who produces the most novel and startling pulpit effects. His voice revels in the diatonic scale of wrath to come. He rubs his hands and rolls his eyes over a deathbed; his nostrils dilate at a new grave; he stops the chaunt of choral voices to make more time for the clanking of the chains of judgment. They can hear each other breathing in his great scenes. I am light and vain. I chase the butterflies, and pick the flowers from the brink of the precipice, and mingle, with few or many tears, in the giddy carnival of the Present. I say, if a man's faith is only large enough to rest his shipwrecked soul upon, I envy him the sure foundation. But I do *not*——

I will wish you a happier year than the last. 1859 took from us more than it gave us. Humboldt, Prescott, Washington Irving, and Thomas de Quincey died. None of us felt anything but very dark when these lights went out. We do not *know* that great men are all the while being born, and for my part I do not believe it; and I wonder whether you or I will sit some day in one of the deserted seats,—wonder, and instantly whistle the *Libiamo* with ineffable sadness. There is a Gleaner who catches us all into sheaves, and with the rest will be that unprofitable stalk,

THE RURAL GLEANER.

— Mr. Buckle has nearly ready for publication the second volume of his valuable "History of Civilization." In this volume, the mode of arrangement is said to be much superior to that adopted in the previous volume.

For THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

THE MAN IN THE BLUE SURTOUT.

I.

The "magnificent, new, swift, high-pressure etc., packet Eureka" was about to start on her third trip "up" (fortunately a trip-up in two senses for me) from New Orleans. Every berth, standee, sofa, chair, and soft plank seemed engaged, when I was unexpectedly forced to seek passage in her. A chance acquaintance, however, with the dashing "clerk of the boat,"—with whom I had imbibed a "punch," and played a game of billiards at the St. Charles' an evening or two before—procured me a share of his own quarters; and my valise and its owner were duly aboard, when the "Calliope" ("to such base uses are we come at last," O Muse!) shrieked a wild adieu, to the tone of "O Susannah!"

I was the cotton-buyer for the house of Middling, Fayre & Co., and had just learned that a rival—a new man unknown to the fraternity—was about to start, if he had not already started, to forestall me among the Red River planters, knowing that the usual period of the annual trip was still some three weeks distant.

As the last cable was being leisurely hauled in from the Levee by a somnolent negro, Bright, the sampler of our firm, rushed on board, and drawing me aside, whispered hurriedly:

"I've this moment heard that he's on this very boat!"

"What's his name? How does he look?"

"Don't know. Hadn't time to ask——stop! one thing I did hear, he wears a *bright-blue surtout!*"

"All ashore!" sung out some "brief authority."

"Good-bye! Look sharp for the blue surtout," said Bright, going off.

In another moment the packet swung out into the river, and started panting up stream.

"Blue surtout, eh?" said I to myself, walking with a "detective" eye along the upper-deck. Not here! Down through the saloon. Not there! So I took a commanding position, and sat down to watch for the enemy.

"All right!" cried my friend, the dashing clerk, coming up with a stranger; "Take something, Mr. a——?"

"Fluke," prompted I, looking not at him, but his companion. "Thank you! a drop of P. B.," still examining the other.

"Make you acquainted with my friend Fluke, Mr. ——."

"Fibbins," said the stranger, offering his hand. And we drank.

Fibbins! ah! so your name is Fibbins, thought I; and took another mental photograph of Mr. Fibbins, who was a short, fat, sunburnt man, in a *bright-blue surtout*. You're spotted, friend Fibbins! chuckled I internally, and determining to "draw" him most effectually, as I perceived he evinced no signs of recognition of my name or person.

"Must leave you, gentlemen," said the clerk, presently; "Baton Rouge in sight."

Mr. Fibbins and myself sat down, and I straightway began working at his mental pump-handle, as follows:

"Live in New Orleans, sir?" (Easy lift of the handle.)

"Sometimes."

"Going far up?" (Jerk down.)

"I reckon."

"Are you a native of ——?" (Careless pump, stopped by—)

"Mis'sippi, sir! Will you liquor?"

"Really, Mr. Fibbins, I rarely, if ever take——"

"Two brandy-and-waters, boy! Here's to you, Captain!"

"Mississippi grows some fine cotton, sir." (Cautious movement of pump-knob.)

"Finest in the world, sir."

"Except the Red River." (Rapid evolution of handle.)

"Very fine river, sir. I've been up and down it more'n fifty times."

Aha! you dodge, friend Fibbins, but you let the cat out. Then, "Do you happen to know anything of Dr. David's or Col. Strutt's plantations on Red River?" asked I, furtively pumping still.

"Played brag with 'em both, sir; finest gentlemen in the world. What'll you take *now*, sir?"

"Upon my word you must excuse me! I am not very—strong."

Mr. Fibbins "smiled," in a double sense.

"Are you going up the Red?" queried I, with a desperate swing of the slippery handle.

"I reckon; hillo! there's the General! See you again, want to speak to the General;" and my Jesuitical rival hurried off to catch a tall, sallow man with a fiery nose, with whom he was presently engaged, "pottle-deep," in confab, at the bar. My pumping, so far, had been dry work, in spite of the continuous "wetting" Fibbins gave the valves. Never mind! I'll try the clerk, thought I, and at all events I'll keep a sharp look out, as Bright advised, on the *Blue Surtout*. But the clerk knew no more of Fibbins than I; he having been introduced to him by "the General."

"Who is the General?"

"O! General Huff, of Natchitoches."

"Planter?"

"No, Trader."

"In what?"

"Niggers."

"Faugh! I shall not pump him, then!" muttered I, in disgust.

Meantime night overtook us. Supper was over. I was sitting somewhat moodily in a corner, when my foe in the blue surtout approached, slightly brandied. "Major," said he, "will you take a hand at 'set-back'?"

I was about to refuse; but an instant's reflection changed my mind. Here was a better chance at the pump, perhaps. The well was now overbrimming with wine, and according to the adage, I ought to be able to draw the wit out of its vinous fulness; so I replied, "I've no objection." And we sat down to play with the General (whose company was by no means an agreeable addition, for Southerner though I am, and imbued with all a Southerner's sentiments on the "peculiar Institution," a negro-trader has always been an object of invincible repugnance to me; but I sacrificed private feeling to business interest now) and a stranger—whose name I did not distinctly catch—wrapped in a blue blanket, although the weather was unpleasantly warm.

We played till midnight, but all my pumping was in vain. My blanketed neighbor, who was a small thick-set man with a keen grey eye and remarkably white teeth, appeared to divine my purpose, and disposed to help me by occasional ingenious questions on cotton-buying and Red River planters, which, though they elicited some general information from Fibbins and the General, failed to enlighten me as to the plans or place of landing of the former. And the white teeth of the stranger glittered with a singularly provoking smile, as he perceived my disappointment.

Finally, after losing both money and patience, I retired to bed, resolving, as a last resource, to stick to Blue Coat till he landed, follow him ashore, and making sure of his route, take a short cut and head him off at the first plantation. In this resolve I fell asleep.

II.

The next day passed without incident, though I continued to make vigorous but vain efforts at the pump of Fibbins's confidence, at a cost of indefinite brandy-and-waters. In the evening we "made" Colonel Strutt's landing, where I had been used to commence my cotton-buying trip,—going up by land, generally, to the succeeding plantations that lay more or less near the river along a line of some forty miles. I looked sharp after the Blue Surtout, but did not see him; and nothing landed here except fifteen barrels of flour, and the stranger in the blanket, who waved a grinning farewell as we swept off again. I watched him, abstractedly, as he held a moment's parley with a half-naked negro boy, who then shouldered his valise, and "marshalled him the way that he would go"; after which I sought Fibbins, whom I found snoring in the barber-shop.

"We've just left Colonel Strutt's landing," said I, as he awoke at my entrance. "You're not going to call on him this time?"

"I reckon not," he replied, and instantly fell to snoring again.

He intends to land at David's, thought I, and take the plantations coming down. But I'll be even with him, and a "leetle over."

We "made" and passed several other landings during the evening, but Fibbins gave no sign of disembarking, and I was consequently strengthened in my supposition. At length we approached the plantation of Dr. David, which was the highest point on my list, and I was instantly on the alert, hot foot after Blue Coat. I discovered him immersed in "set-back" and brandy-and-water with the General.

"We'll make your friend David's wharf in ten minutes," said I.

"Will we?" answered he, a little thickly. "Well, Colonel, if you're going off, give my respects to the Doctor."

"Then you are not going to land?" exclaimed I, doubtfully.

"I reckon not, Colonel—left bower, General."

My diplomacy and patience were both exhausted.

"Are you not the—the new cotton-buyer for Slywitt Brothers?" cried I desperately.

"Cot-ton b-buyer? I reckon not," said he with a grin.

"What the d——l are you, then?" I almost howled.

"Well, Colonel, as you're going off here, I've no objection to tell you now. I'm a trader, and I'm going to Natchitoches to do a little private business with the General. But," added he after a moment's pause, during which his unconscious sconce stood in imminent danger of being cracked, if he had only known it; "but I reckon you mistook your man. You wanted to catch Scudder, I reckon; he's turned cotton-buyer I believe——"

"Sc-Scudder" stammered I, "was he ——?"

"Your partner, you know, last night; got off at Strutts, I reckon."

"Lost! lost! lost!" muttered I, like Scott's Elfin Page. But a thought struck me: "I was told he wore a blue surtout like yours." "Ha! ha!" laughed the trader; "I reckon you was told right; but Scudder was took with a chill, and I traded my blanket for his coat, just as the boat left Orleans."

I could have pummeled his bloated carcase to a jelly, and torn the infernal coat to ribbons, with savage pleasure. But I didn't! For just then the boat stopped, and I sprang hastily ashore, determined to visit my planters going down, and so perhaps catch Mr Scudder coming up, or, at least, be beforehand with him at David's and one or two neighboring farms.

III.

Fresh disappointment awaited me at the Doctor's. He had gone to Natchitoches, and would not return for three days. Of course I could not wait now; so, leaving a note, with a flea in it to tickle friend Scudder's ear, I rode, at daybreak, five miles down to Major P——'s. Here I found the Major in the "heated term" of an ague, and utterly incapable of business; and here I was forced to trust to another epistolary flea, and start once more downward to intercept Scudder.

The next plantion on my list was that of Captain Blivens (a *real ci-devant* captain "eke was he," of Uncle Samuel's), some twenty-five miles distant, and in the neighborhood of Colonel Strutt's, and four or five others of my southernmost friends on Red River: and either there, or on the road thither, I anticipated flushing my blue-bird of a rival. But I traversed the twenty-five miles without meeting a single white man—if I except one, of a doubtful dust-color, driving a loaded wood-cart; that is, if lying on his back, asleep, with a slender rivulet of tobacco-juice trickling out of a corner of his open mouth, could be called driving.

Captain Blivens was sitting on his "stoup."

"Thunder!" cried he, "is that you, Fluke? What on earth fetches you here this month? Why, I was going to write you not to count on my crop this season, as I've engaged it to Slywitt, at a quarter cent overy our last notch."

"Wha—what? engaged to Slywitt?"

"Yes! His buyer left me only this morning, by "Pilot No. 4," to go up to David's, I believe. Scudder, his name is" (I groaned),—"sharp fellow; got the chills rather bad, though. But he offered a third, cash advance, and I was deuced short; and—and not expecting you for a month, and so——"

"I understand: I am dished, so far as you're concerned. However, there's your brother-in-law at the Bend, and Mr. Balliac, and Colonel Strutt, and——"

"All engaged, my friend," interrupted the Captain; "Scudder has been too spry for you! All caught with the same silver hook!"

There was no help for it. I was irretrievably "sold." So putting the best face I could on it, I accepted the Captain's hospitality till "Pilot No. 2" passed down, whereon I steamed dejectedly back to New Orleans, "vowing vengeance, deep and dire" on the original proprietor of the Blue Surtout.

Middling, Fayre & Co., bought their cotton chiefly on the Alabama that season.

Perhaps, at a future day, I may tell my readers of the revenge I wreaked on the cunning Scudder. *Vale!*

CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

Philadelphia, Dec. —, 1859.

— The *Memphis Bulletin*, referring to the paragraphs in many papers, some time since, to the effect that Charles Dickens had declined to revisit the United States on account of the unpopularity into which he had fallen, by the publication of one of his works, in which he lampooned various and sundry American follies and weaknesses, says:

> A gentleman of this city, who, with ourselves, and tens of thousands of his countrymen, is an ardent admirer of the pathos and humor which all the works of the inimitable "Boz" exhibit, inclosed these paragraphs to Mr. Dickens in a letter, suggesting some sort of retraxit or atonement for these wounds upon the national self-love. The following is his reply; and we cannot but say that we like his candor and truthfulness. During his visit to this country, Dickens had but little opportunity of seeing the real "people," through the crevices in the crowd of toadies and flunkies who flocked around the celebrity. No wonder that many of his impressions were congenial with the disgust every day experienced by manly souls who are "native and to the manor born."
>
> "GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER,
> KENT, Monday, Oct. 31, 1849.
>
> "MY DEAR SIR:—I am exceedingly obliged to you for your letter, and have read it with unusual pleasure and interest.
>
> "But I cannot take the course you recommend to me, simply because I really have nothing to explain away. What I have written of the more ludicrous and dangerous tendencies that I observed in America, I have written quite honestly, and in no unkinder spirit than I have written of innumerable things at home. I have, as any rational man must have, a great interest in America; and I have many dear friends who are the born and bred children of the United States. I took occasion to observe, in a recent preface, that 'to represent me as viewing America with ill-nature, coldness, animosity, is merely to do a very foolish thing, which is always a very easy one.' I have no belief whatever in the durability of foolish things among a great and sensible people, and I confidently trust myself in the long run to their good humor and sagacity.
>
> "Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.
>
> "To ——, Memphis, Tenn."

— A new transcendental journal, to be called *The Dial*, is to be published in Cincinnati. It will call about it the sympathy of the old Dial set—Emerson, Thoreau, etc. It is to be a philosophical magazine, interested in civil and religious liberty, and in science. It numbers among its contributors, Emerson, Furness, Frothingham, Sanborn, Longfellow, and others. Rev. M. D. Conway, formerly of Washington, will be editor.

— Mr. Wills, the sub-editor and acting conductor of *Household Words*, is preparing for separate publication a volume of his essays published in that journal. It will contain a noticeable peculiarity in its typographical arrangements. All the articles "touched up" by the editor-in-chief, Mr. Dickens, will contain his additions denoted by the paragraph being indented from the rest of the page, though Mr. Dickens's name will not appear upon the title-page.

— The Brownings are in Rome, where the climate, which is milder than that in Florence, is better adapted to Mrs. Browning's health.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Sir Walter Scott in the Coulisses.

Miss Laura Keene announces, officially, the engagement of Mr. Bourcicault and Miss Agnes Robertson, whose irrepressible conflict with Le Chauve promises to be a nice thing for the lawyers.

Mr. Bourcicault, as I stated last week, is at work upon *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, a novel by Sir Walter Scott; and I believe a "good work," though I never read it.

I had however a sort of shadowy idea that Sir W. Scott aforesaid had died some time ago.

I was wrong it seems.

Miss Keene's advertisement announces that this beautiful and popular tale will be produced "under "the supervision and control of the author, at whose "disposition Miss Keene has placed all the resources "of the theatre."

Which I am sure is very kind on the part of Miss Keene, and Sir Walter will make, no doubt, a very fine stage-manager.

It is further announced that the new play will be produced "as soon as the new scenery and rehearsals "will permit."

I trust that the scenery and rehearsals will permit as soon as ever they can, for goodness gracious knows (Anna Maria) that it is high time (Anna Maria's ma) that something new was done at some of the theatres.

What are they Doing?

Well, at Wallack's, they have got a very good run out of *Everybody's Friend*, a great triumph for the artists, as the play has no merit of its own to speak of. It is harmless, however, and is therefore much liked at this theatre, which is frequented by thin-skinned people, those called conservatives, because they always conserve their own interest at the expense of any principle that may be going.

They have also revived for Mr. Blake a fine old antique, which Mr. Lester Wallack, who is getting philologically fine lately, calls a "Fairy Folly." Its positive title, "Knocks and Noses," is more suggestive, and it might be a good thing for the Baron to modernise. As it is, it is quite oldfashioned—reminds you of Ned Windust and Tom Placide; but it is good as affording a fair part for Mr. Blake.

I remember once being present in a café (and cakes) to which the lower order of Bohemia, to wit, the newsboys, did invariably resort for festive purposes.

On the particular occasion to which I allude, some of the city boys were entertaining a youth to fortune and to fame unknown, who sold papers at Poughkeepsie.

[If you are anxious to read anything about the theatres, you had better [illegible] this, and wait for the Sunday papers.]

The boy from Poughkeepsie was not a Bohemian.

He lived "with his folks."

He gave all of his money to his mother.

He never went to the theatre, but occasionally had a shy at the circus.

Immense disgust among the other boys greeted this short and simple annal of poor Poughkeepsie.

They looked upon the Mercury of Orange County, as you would regard a newly-arrived Esquimaux, a fresh Bostonian, or a recently-imported Philadelphian.

Poughkeepsie was sound upon one question, however. When he was interrogated as to which paper sold the best, he promptly responded, *The Herald*. All the other boys adhered to the same opinion, and several of them declared that if by any extraordinary convulsion of Nature the *Herald* should ever die, there never could be such another paper—*for the boys*.

That's the case with Mr. Blake.

When he leaves the stage, and may the good gods postpone that event for many years yet, there will be no such actor left. And how fine a holiday-artist he is! Listen to his laugh, drink in his bonhommie, which exhales from him as naturally as the perfume from Oscanyan's otto of rose. At this season, when people go to the theatre to be entertained, not to be instructed, which is a synonym for bored, Mr. Blake shines in his best sphere, and is the best actor now speaking the English language.

That's what I have been dying to say about William Rufus for a long time.

And now I've said it, and I feel better.

Here's a health to thee, O rotund comedian! May no sorrow, nor tribulation, nor tailor's bills, nor poor relations, nor no manner of disagreeable things come to thee! May thy life-road be lined with flowery hedges in continuous bloom!

The *Distant Relations*-stuff at Laura Keene's would not go down, although covered with a sugar-coating of sixpenny patriotism. The theatres would do much better to leave vexed political questions alone. Look at Mr. Wallack! You don't catch him with any chaff of that sort, and he is right. The *Green Bushes* was announced here for Friday, and *on dit* Bourcicault's play produced under Sir Walter Scott's direction, for Monday week. Mr. Bourcicault will find that he has not the Winter Garden artists at the house across the way. Miss Keene's company is, on the whole, utterly wretched, considering the reputation of the house.

Over at the Winter Garden, the *Octoroon* is getting along comfortably. I like Mrs. Allen's *Zoe* pretty well (pretty and well), all excepting that in the last scene she puts about a pound and a half of India ink around her eyes, and it makes her look as if she had just been having a fight with some of "40's fellers."

I may say, for the benefit of the jeunesse dorée, that Mrs. John Wood, who passed through town last week, en route to Rochester and Toronto (don't that make you shiver?), is definitely engaged at the Winter Garden. Wood is a good thing to do, and I'm glad she's coming back.

Operatic Dissolving Views.

The opera-people came over from Philadelphia this week, and will to Boston this afternoon.

The programme for the week here was knocked into a cocked hat by the terrible "No opera to-night," which was hung out in front of the Academy on Monday. *Ernani* was to have been done for Major Susini, but Stigelli kept his mouth open while riding on the rail through Jersey, and couldn't sing; Colson was not pretty well, either; Gazzaniga was quite sure she was sick; Brignoli couldn't be found, and little Patti was entering the Philadelphian additions on her roll of victims.

So the first night was Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*. An immense bore. Ten-inch, at least, and would kill at four miles off. Why don't some one, my Burkhardt, edit *Don Giovanni*, and put the *La ci darem*, the *Batti! batti!* and the *Vedrai carino*, all in the first act? Then people could go away comfortably at half-past nine, instead of having to wait till eleven, and then to go home in a disagreeable state of mind.

Patti's *Zerlina* was a pleasant, naive performance. Next to Piccolomini, Patti is the most charming *Zerlina* that I remember.

She however had the audacity to introduce in the *Batti! batti!* a cadenza which cannot be found in the score.

That's sacrilege, and the Mozartists were furious.

I suggest that the prima donna shall be compelled to undergo the following course of German:

First to hear the whole of the *Tannhauser*; second to study Schlegel on the old Greeks; third to commit to memory and repeat the *Dispatch* criticism on the *Magic Flute*; and lastly to embrace the critic of the *Staats Zeitung*.

I think after that, if she survived, she would not dare to take any liberties with Mozart's score.

It is painful to reflect, however, upon so striking an instance of the degeneracy of the age, or the youth, rather, and still more doubtful to notice that the public upheld the criminal as they did on Thursday, when Patti had her benefit, and was bouqueted, and encored, and applauded, almost to death.

The "Little One," as the amiable Strakosch calls her, is going now to Boston.

Going to Boston! just as if it was not cold enough here.

But let us give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, provided we don't want them ourselves.

Boston is a good place for the Opera.

Boston is, next to New York, the most catholic city in the Union when the question of art comes to be considered.

And I conjure my fellow-townsmen (sum civis Atheniensis), by Faneuil Hall, by the State House, by the Common, by Everett, and Holmes, and Lowell, and Longfellow, by Ticknor & Fields, by the Parker House, and by Cambridge, to receive Patti handsomely. She is prime commercial paper, with first rate collateral security, and does not absolutely need your endorsement, but would be grateful for it.

And O! ye Juniors which are the salt of the University, see to it, that Patti has the adoration which Alma Mater hath always accorded to artistic triumphs. And thou Pater Familias, who, as a Senior in 1849, went wild about Amalia Patti, be now discreetly enthusiastic about Adelina, who has make the Oldest Man a raving and incomprehensible idiot, and brought on such an attack of the gout, that Carnochan says he must never have any more Burgundy or Green Seal.

Bless you, my child, bless you; and run along to Boston.

And now, Effendi, as I shall not address the readers of the SATURDAY PRESS again until next year, I will take this opportunity to offer the usual compliments of the season to all the people who "see" the Feuilleton, and to wish speedy reformation to those who don't.

To the youths I would recommend the practice of the moral virtues, and particularly that of modesty, during the festive season. To the mediæval philosophers I have nothing to say; they will do well enough by themselves.

And to Bohemia, all hail!

It is your Carnival. You are wanted at dinners and suppers, and receptions without end. You are the crême de la crême when there is any fun going on. To the men I will suggest the propriety of preserving a proper dignity when associating with people in trade, and never look at a man under a hundred thousand. You will be careful to impress upon the mind of such a person the littleness of all earthly possessions, and to let him know, while you drink his Lafitte and eat his pâté de foies gras, that there are some things which money cannot buy.

And as for the Bohémiennes, I will leave them to the Queen of that land, the only free community on the face of the earth. Free, because released from the shackles of conventionality; free, because recognising no divine right, except that of mental superiority, which is really divine; free, on account of a variety of other things which I haven't time to mention.

Vive Bohemia!
Vive la Reine!

Tres devoué,

PERSONNE.

[For The Saturday Press.

AT THE CIRCUS.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

I smell the sawdust and smoking lamps,
And the ice-cold lemonade;
And I hear the cries of the little scamps,
In their country-best arrayed.

The boys that would like to be trampled to death
Under the horses' feet,
And would think, I suppose, they sold their breath
Very dear, for a death so sweet.

They think, God bless them! it's mighty fine,
They count it the highest joy;
With the painted actress of forty-nine
They fall in love, to a boy!

They think that the brass on her arms is gold,
And her spangles are silver-flakes—
They believe she could fly, poor soul! if she would,
On the gauzy wings she shakes.

Dear heaven! I deem they are happy boys,
For all their absurd belief;
Efficient police! don't stop their noise,
The days of trust are brief.

By and by, they'll be quiet enough—
They'll have something else to do;
When they find the world's oyster so precious tough,
They'll keep their mouths shut to chew.

II.

Ah well! I remember, we came together,
Playfellows, brothers and all,
In the wagon; 'twas sweet September weather,
The earliest days of the Fall.

And as we went back home through the night,
To my heavy, drowsy eyes,
The stars were the circus-lamps so bright,
Swinging about in the skies!

And the yelping of dogs along the road
Seemed to me, half-asleep,
The cheers of the folks, when the poor clown crowed,
And mowed, at the smacking whip.

And I had a dream of a circus-world,
Where the people all wore tights,—
Spangled and painted, and crimped and curled,
Like the actors under the lights.

The sad-eyed clowns with their dreary hearts
Made the spectator-world to laugh;
The actors performed their four-horse parts,
Leaped through balloon, and over staff.

And the women, the wretched tawdry things,
Made play with their hollow eyes—
Like shabby angels, with moulting wings,—
Like devils, so evil-wise.

And I, unheeded of all the throng,
In a very doleful tone,
Stood singing a sentimental song,
To a dreadful air of my own.

Sometimes I think, when dyspepsia cramps
My soul, that I live in that dream;
I smell forever the smoky lamps—
Around the ring the stiff piebald stamps,—
The people applaud and scream!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON ON CONVERSATION.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a lecture last Sunday morning at the Music Hall, Boston, on the subject, "Conversation."

This day (Christmas), he said, was kept all over the world by nations holding the Christian faith as the birthday of their founder—a day of joy. What is the object of this cosmopolitan remembrance? They celebrate the birthday of a lowly, inspired youth, who was born and who died near nineteen hundred years ago—whose career on earth had no hint of or resemblance to this jubilee. It is very remarkable to what manner of person this world of men has given its largest fame; that the highest fame in this world of sensualists and triflers, is given, not to the sensualist or trifler, but to the deep wisdom of the moralist and to an enthusiastic piety. It is strange that Christ should date our chronology, that a teacher of eternity should date our timetables and almanacs. It is a proof that we are wiser than we know. The worthiest celebration of this day is not the imperial magnificence, nor the thunder of oratories, but the private joy of families. The present joy of life, of the Christmas Day, and the Sunday, and the Monday, is not the career of success, nor the crown of distinction—no, nor the comforts that perish in the using; but conversation, the high prize of life, the perfect communion of one mind with another. We may draw illustrations and documents of [illegible] from all parts of our life and habit. What are the best days of memory?—which, but those in which we have met a companion who is truly in sympathy with us?

Thought is the native air of mind; but pure, like unmixed oxygen, it soon burns away our constitution. Of all the cordials known to us, the best, safest, and most exhilarating, with the least harm, is society. Conversation is of all kinds; we seek society with very different objects. The staple of conversation is widely unlike in different circles. Sometimes it is facts; sometimes thoughts, as from a person who is all mind; sometimes experience; sometimes it is [illegible] the power of our early and of our latest days. Some men excel in the precision with which they formulate thoughts. With some men conversation is a debate, and unless some discussion is on foot, they think nothing is doing. Often conversation goes on without words; it is only presence that we need. Nothing seems so cheap as the benefit of conversation; nothing is more rare. The beginning of our sympathy is the conviction that all men are, in spite of seeming, of one pattern. The only sin we never forgive is difference of opinion. This is at once the logic of persecution and of love. In conversation there must be infinite reception as well as giving. What is a match at whist, or at draughts, or at billiards, or at chess, compared with a match at mother-wit, of knowledge, of resources? The eloquent man cannot be stopped or managed. The man whose birth, said the lecturer, is this day commemorated, was a man who spent his life in discourse. Luther spent his life so; and it is not his theological works, but his table-talk, or the record of his conversation, which is still read by all men. Johnson and Coleridge are best known by their conversation. So with the conversations of Goethe, as reported by his friend Eckerman. Conversation is a game to which a wise man goes, not only to play upon others, but to be played upon himself. For the capital benefit of society is, that in the effort to unfold our thought to our friend, our thought, hitherto only wrapt in our consciousness, detaches itself wholly, and allows itself to be seen as a thought, and is thus as entertaining to us as to our companion. When we seek the highest benefits of conversation, the old Spartan rule of one to one, is usually enforced. Discourse, when it rises to its highest pitch, is between two. It was Jeremy Bentham's invariable rule, to receive only one visitor at a time. In his reception-room there were only two chairs. To such conversations we owe the best hours and grandest revelations of our being; we go down to the ocean of truth, and dip our hands in its miraculous waves; we are assured of eternity, and apprised that we belong to a better circle than we have ever yet beheld; we have perceptions of the power that belongs to the soul; we are not the men we were, we are made partakers of the heavenly gift. The use of conversation is the light that it throws upon the highest mysteries. Swedenborg threw a startling theory into the world, that each soul exists in a society of souls, whence it receives all its intuitions. We think in an awful antiquity. Our thoughts run back through all the thinkers of time. Language is a city, to the building of which every human being brings a stone. The perceptions of the soul, its truths, are born in conversation, that marriage of souls. They hasten to incarnate themselves in action, and presently antagonized by new thoughts, which they first aroused, the perception, or thought, buries itself in the new thoughts of larger scope which spring from it, and goes on to new creations and forwarder triumphs; whilst the old instrumentalities and old thoughts are transformed and compose the new.

For the New York Saturday Press.

THE FEAST NIGHT OF THE TWO QUEENS.

BY CHARLES DESMARAIS.

I.

Last night was a Queen's Feast-night,
The Queen of the timid stars
That tremble in legions of scintillant light
Around the red pennon of Mars!

II.

Yes! last night the Moon-Queen won
Her maidenhood's richest prime;
And her radiant face snatched a kiss from the Sun,
To illumine the night-march of Time!

I.

Last night was a Queen's Feast-night,
The Queen of my Life—my Love!
The planet that thrills me with throbbing delight,
As the Moon thrills the ether above!

II.

Yes! last night my Heart-Queen won
Her maidenhood's furthest goal;
And her kisses still glow, like a central Sun
Through the innermost night of my soul!

Dec. 12th, 1859.

[For The Saturday Press.

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

I.

'Tis Winter, and Nature sleeps. Strong trees stand stripped of their foliage; weak plants are withered and dead. Birds cease to gladden the day with their song; sweet flowers no longer perfume the air with their fragrance. Ice, formed by chill Winter's air, impedes the flowing of the little streams; and the grass that once made the meadows green and beautiful, has hid its tall head, and left them bare and naked. Every sign has gone that could remind us that once Nature was full of life and freshness—save the blooming *Evergreen*, which, notwithstanding the freezing cold, always stands bright and cheerful amid the surrounding gloom, like a smile of the Comforter to a troubled soul. . . . .

But Nature is talking to us in her sleep.

Listen to what she says:

All men have sorrows. There are times when they are sad and disheartened; and as the trees and plants are now stripped of their foliage, so do men sometimes seem to lose all their earthly comforts. Friends desert them, like the birds who go away in Winter; and cease to comfort or aid them, like the flowers that no longer perfume the air. Without friends, and with scarcely any hope, their time slowly passes on, like the ice-bound streams. Life seems sad and dreary, like the meadows that were once beautiful. Yet there is always left to them one bright, happy thought—*Right!* Consciousness of Right—*the blooming Evergreen.*

R. W. P.

[For The Saturday Press.

TO THE WATER-LILY.

BY E. C. SHEPHERD.

Queen of the lake, where, mirror'd in the tide,
Thy modest image views the pictured sky,
How gently past thy matchless form I glide,
Flower of the snowflake leaf and golden eye.

Emblem of what is pure, I look on thee
As something holy, shaped by hand divine;
Thou piece of small sculpture, made to be
Bride of the waters, bowing at thy shrine.

From out the womb of yonder cloud afar,
That rears its billowy breast against the blue,
Thou seem'st to have fallen, like a silver star,
Let loose from God's right-hand, then fixed anew.

This lesson do I learn from thee, fair flower,
That I, while journeying toward my destined end,
May point some thoughts to that celestial bower,
Whence we are come, and whither we all tend.

For the New York Saturday Press.

[illegible]

Captain Cook and others of the early discoverers, in their dealings with savages, procured bargains which would have startled and benefited the most unscrupulous hucksters, by means of beads and bits of colored glass—the latter in particular demand. [illegible] Stupid islanders! Which rendered the sensible and respectable reader very properly solemn.

There is an advertisement in the New York *Herald* of this week to the effect that the [illegible] Emerald Mines of Muzo are now open to a [illegible] to work the same; that he [illegible] for a less term than six years, and [illegible] $24,000 annually. Under the contract the contractors will obtain the exclusive privilege of working all the emerald mines belonging to the republic. Payments to be made to the government quarterly in advance, etc.

In those six years there ought to be, to make it pay at all, purchases to the amount of at least $1,000,000. [illegible] be converted to a useful purpose —say [illegible] it looks so very like the Sandwich Island traffic; only [illegible] higher for his bit of glass than Civilization does for her jewel,—and Price, you know, is the scale of Respectability and Fashion.

In conclusion, the color of the Emerald is very appropriate to its purpose—Green. *Genial!*

A. F. B.

— Messrs. Chapman & Hall, London, have in press a new poem by Owen Meredith.

BOOKS, ETC.

THE BEST NEW-YEAR'S PRESENT

Two case make, is a Set of

WAVERLEY NOVELS,

TICKNOR & FIELD'S EDITION,

50 volumes. Half-calf, 12mo, $75; full calf, $100.

For sale by

M. DOOLADY,

No. 49 Walker street.

N. B.—A liberal discount for cash on all books during the holidays.

Just Published!

The Atlantic Monthly,

FOR

JANUARY, 1860.

Commencement of a New Volume.

With the number for JANUARY, 1860, the ATLANTIC MONTHLY will enter upon its

FIFTH VOLUME,

And the Publishers have great pleasure in announcing that the number contains the first chapters of a

NEW ROMANCE

ENTITLED

The Professor's Story;

Written expressly for its pages, by

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

To be continued in succeeding numbers of the Magazine throughout the year.

CONTENTS.—Our Artists in Italy; The Amber Gods; Song of Nature; Humanity; Substance and Shadow; Through the Fields to St. Peter's; The Experience of Samuel Absalom, Filibuster; Roba di Roma; Abdel Hassan; About Spires; The Professor's Story; Andenken; Central British America; Art; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

TERMS.—Single numbers, 25 cents. Three dollars per year, postage paid to any part of the United States.

CLUBS.—Two copies, Five Dollars; Five copies, Ten Dollars; Eleven copies, Twenty Dollars—the subscribers paying their own postage, viz: 36 cents per year.

Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters, will receive the Magazine at Two Dollars per year, as heretofore.

Subscriptions may commence with any number; and as all the numbers are stereotyped, back numbers can always be furnished.

All orders should be addressed to

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,

135 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

SAVED FROM THE FIRE.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

Has on hand a large stock of its own Publications suitable for Holiday Presents to all classes. Several thousand dollars' worth of Gilt Books, in the wing of the main building, were saved from the fire in perfect condition. Among the slightly damaged Gilt Volumes, of different sizes, hundreds are being found acceptable for Presents to the Children of Mission and other Sabbath Schools, and are sold at reduced prices.

The Society has a beautiful assortment of the issues of the London Religious Tract Society, and of Thos. Nelson & Sons, of Edinburgh, many of them with richly colored and other engravings. Also, a large and fine assortment of Bibles and Testaments from the presses of the American Bible Society, Eyre & Spottiswood, and Thomas Nelson & Sons.

TRACT HOUSE,

No. 150 Nassau street, N. Y.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," a rare Companion for the Winter Months.

Every Pianist,
Every Singer,
Every Teacher,
Every Pupil,
Every Amateur,

Should procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Pianoforte Music, costing but 10 CENTS a number, and pronounced

By the entire Press of the Country, to be

"THE BEST AND CHEAPEST WORK OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD."

Twelve full-sized Pages of Vocal and Pianoforte Music

FOR 10 CENTS.

Yearly $5; Half-yearly, $2 50; Quarterly, $1 25.

Subscribe to "Our Musical Friend," or order it from the nearest Newsdealer, and you will have Music enough for your entire family, and at an insignificant cost; and if you want Music for the Flute, Violin, Cornet, Clarionet, Accordion, etc., etc., subscribe to the

SOLO MELODIST,

Containing 12 pages, costing only

10 Cents a number; Yearly, $2 50; Half-yearly, $1 25.

All the Back Numbers at 10 cents, and Bound Volumes, containing 17 Numbers, at $2 50 each, constantly on hand.

C. B. SEYMOUR & CO.,

107 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

NOW READY:

AN

Overland Journey to California,

In the Summer of 1859. Embracing an account of the Present Mormon Church in Utah.

By HORACE GREELEY.

One Volume, 12mo. Cloth. Price $1.

C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & Co.,

Agricultural Book Publishers, and proprietors of the HORTICULTURIST, No. 25 Park Row, New York.

The most valuable and complete assortment of Books on Agriculture, Horticulture, Rural Art, and Domestic Economy, that can be found in the country, constantly on hand. Books sent by mail. Catalogues gratis.

National Gift for the Holidays.

FRANK MOORE'S

Diary of the Revolution,

FROM WHIG AND TORY NEWSPAPERS AND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS,

NOW READY FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

Illustrated with 12 Steel Plates, and 6 Maps and Plans of Cities and Battles. 2 vols. Price $5.

CHARLES SCRIBNER,

124 Grand street, New York.

New and Superb Collection

OF VOCAL AND PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND,"

THE PIONEER OF CHEAP MUSIC IN AMERICA.

VOLUMES I., II., and III. NOW READY.

624 Pages of Popular Music,

COMPRISING

[illegible] Pianoforte Arrangements of all the principal Melodies from the most popular Operas.

[illegible] SONGS, with English and German Text.

[illegible]

[illegible] (Scotch, Irish, Young America, etc.)

[illegible]

And [illegible] Pieces in Miscellaneous [illegible], Variations, [illegible], 227 Complete Musical Works, 154 Pages, Beautifully Bound in Cloth, Gilt Cover. Price $2 50 per Vol.

For sale at every Bookstore and Music Depot, and at the office, No. 107 Nassau street, New York.

C. B. SEYMOUR & Co.

N. B.—The Trade supplied at the usual rate.

FINE ARTS.

A NEW REVOLVING STEREOSCOPE,

Patented in America by the London Stereoscopic Company,

FOR CONTAINING

Any Number of Views,

FROM

FIFTY to THREE HUNDRED.

GLASS OR PAPER.

WALNUT, Double Lenses, Shaded	$25
MAHOGANY, Double Lenses, Shaded	15
ROSEWOOD, Double Lenses, Shaded	20

A liberal Discount on all Goods supplied to the Trade.

LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY,

No. 594 BROADWAY, up-stairs.

The Court of Death.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS NOW ISSUING

100,000

Splendid Colored Engravings

OF REMBRANDT PEALE'S

Celebrated Original Painting of the

COURT OF DEATH,

at the unprecedentedly low price of

Only One Dollar Each.

Size 22 by 31 inches.

The lowest regular price for Engravings of the size and quality of this is $5;—and in answer to the question, "how can they be sold for One Dollar?" the subscriber would state, that instead of issuing 5,000 copies at $5, he issues 100,000 copies at $1. The main expense of such a work is, not in the paper and printing, but in getting up the plates. If 5,000 only are sold, $5 is but a fair price. But if 100,000 are sold at $1, the aggregate profits are larger than on the 5,000.

The Original Painting, of which the Engravings are a *Facsimile Copy*, was painted by Rembrandt Peale, in the city of Baltimore, in 1820, and has been the study and admiration of tens of thousands of our citizens. It has long been valued at

25,000 DOLLARS.

Death is personified as a King or Monarch.

There are twenty-three full-sized figures in the Engraving, and arranged into five groups presenting living representations of DEATH, WAR, SENSUAL PLEASURE, INTEMPERANCE, and the TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIAN FAITH OVER THE TERRORS OF DEATH.

It is a work to DELIGHT THE EYE and IMPROVE THE HEART: It can be studied and understood by a child, while its sublime conception affords scope to the strongest imagination.

It has been made the subject of special discourse by Rev. Dr. Sprague, Rev. Dr. Welch, Rev. Dr. Bacon, Rev. Dr. Cleveland, Rev. Dr. Wayland, and others.

A more impressive, instructive, or beautiful PARLOR ORNAMENT could not be purchased.

The subscriber was advised to have the drapery of the figures brilliant and showy, to gratify the taste of the "country people," but he determined to imitate exactly the rich, mellow tints of the Original Painting in this respect. The wisdom of this decision is verified, not only by the Artists in this city, but by the venerable Rembrandt Peale himself, as will be seen by the following unqualified certificate:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16th, 1859.

I have seen the Chromo-Lithographic Engraving of my Painting of the Court of Death, recently executed for Dr. G. Q. Colton (the present proprietor), by Sarony, Major & Knapp, of New York, and can certify that IT IS AN ACCURATE AND ADMIRABLE COPY OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

Each Subscriber is entitled to a *Numbered Certificate of Proprietorship* in the Original Painting. The painting to be at the disposal of the Subscribers as soon as the 100,000 Engravings are sold.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.—Mail Subscribers will send 12 cents extra, for postage. The Engravings will be sent, rolled in a strong case.

FIVE DOLLARS will obtain *SIX COPIES*, Postage free.

To avoid mistakes, the *Name, Town, County,* and *State* should be plainly written.

Address, G. Q. COLTON,

37 Park Row, New York.

Postoffice Box 2,301

THORWALDSEN'S

GREATEST WORK!

CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES.

OUR Engraving of this grand Work of Art, the gem of the Cathedral at Copenhagen, is now ready, and the large number of orders daily pouring in upon us, will be promptly met. The picture, which is highly commended by the Editor of the New York "Evangelist," and others, who have seen the original Statues, is of large size, and executed in the best style of art. It is overarched with an emblematic border, representing other rare works of

THE IMMORTAL DANISH SCULPTOR.

In order to place it within the reach of all classes of the religious and general public, we have fixed the price of this superb engraving at

ONE DOLLAR.

Orders through the mail, or any other source, accompanied by the sum of One Dollar, and an additional 12 cents in money or stamps in all cases where copies are to be forwarded through the postoffice, will be filled without delay.

DAYTON & CO.,

European and American Engraving Warehouse,

No. 37 Park Row (Park Building), New York.

DUSSELDORF GALLERY,

548 BROADWAY, near Spring st.

In addition to upwards of 120 first-class Works of Art now exhibiting as above, B. PAUL AKER'S (the American sculptor) fine statue of

THE DEAD PEARL-DIVER.

Also, the beautiful Statue of

THE FISHER-GIRL,

by Barbee, of Virginia.

OPEN DAY AND EVENING. - - Admission 25 cents.

DR. ABBOTT'S

EGYPTIAN MUSEUM,

659 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Professor Felton, of Harvard University, in a recent paper read at a meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, gives an account of his visit to Dr. ABBOTT'S EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, and says that it is "*full of antiquities, rarer and more curious than those in any European museum.*"

Open day and evening. Admission 25 cents.

ROSSITER AND MIGNOT'S PAINTING

"The Home of Washington after the War,"

On exhibition at the ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Tenth street, near Broadway, Open 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and from 7 to 9, evenings.

Admission 25 cents. J. McCLURE.

THE CELEBRATED

ORIGINAL HISTORICAL PICTURE OF

CHARLES THE FIRST,

BY THE GREAT VELAZQUEZ,

Painted in Madrid in 1623

THIS FASCINATING AND ATTRACTIVE CHEF-D'ŒUVRE, SO favorably received, and so highly patronized at Saratoga, during the season, is now on exhibition at the

STUYVESANT INSTITUTE, 659 Broadway, New York.

Admission 25 cents.

WAUGH'S ITALIA.

TOUR OF ITALY!

ELEVENTH WEEK.

HOPE CHAPEL, - - - - - - 720 BROADWAY.

WAUGH'S Magnificent New Series of Views of Northern, Central, and Southern Italy, pronounced by Editors, Artists, Critics, Travellers, and the intelligent of all classes, most interesting, instructive and artistic.

A WORK OF ART.

The Descriptive Lecture is well prepared, instructive, and most interesting.—*Dispatch.*

Every evening, 7½; Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, 3 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; children, 10 cents.

Stereoscopic Views of city residences,—a half-dozen copies for $6. What more acceptable present for a friend than a view of your "own homestead."

MORSE & FRONTI.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS

OF

Residences, Landscapes, &c.,

TAKEN TO ORDER.

STEREOSCOPIC PORTRAITS TAKEN IN THE LONDON STYLE.

486 Broadway, New York,

(Near Broome street, up-stairs).

WILLIAM PATTON,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,

WATERBURY, CONN.

Established in 1842.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE UNION,

It Must and Shall be Preserved!

ANY WHO OF THE TRADE WILL DENY THAT THE PIONEER ESTABLISHMENT in the Introduction of

SUPERIOR

READY-MADE CLOTHING

IS NOW AT

566 BROADWAY?

Who will assert that there is not the same TASTE, JUDGMENT, and SKILL evinced there as has ever rendered its productions a nearer approach to CUSTOMED WORK than can be had at any other concern? None! No, not one!

Heed, then, the fact, Old and New Patrons, and let there be that deference so requisite in a competition with more ostentatious establishments. Let there be a perfect union of sentiment and feeling on the subject, which it shall ever be my endeavor to preserve.

WM. T. JENNINGS.

Excelsior Ready-Made Clothing.

GARMENTS TO ORDER, &c.

FINE LONDON WATCHES,

FOR

Scientific Purposes,

OR FOR

POCKET TIMEPIECES.

Rich Diamond Jewelry,

Bracelets—Ear-Rings,

Brooches—Studs, etc., etc.

SOLID GOLD CHAINS.

AT THE FACTORY PRICES,

25 per cent. Below Retail Store Prices.

D. C. Peacock, London,

Represented by

DAVID RAIT,

405 BROADWAY,

UP STAIRS.

DEFIANCE SALAMANDER SAFES.

ROBERT M. PATRICK,

SOLE MANUFACTURER OF THE ABOVE

Celebrated Safes and Patent Powder-Proof Defiance Locks and Cross-Bars.

—ALSO—

Fire and Burglar-Proof Side-Board and Parlor Safes, for Silver Plate, etc.

Depot, 63 Murray Street, Corner College Place, N. Y.

Manufactory, No's 60, 62, 64, and 66 Cannon street,

NEW YORK.

BOOKS, ETC.

A Superb Book.

MOUNT VERNON

And Its Associations.

BY

BENSON J. LOSSING.

A PRIVATE AND DOMESTIC

LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

It is a gem of a volume, and must have a large sale.—*Boston Transcript.*

This volume will be the favorite for Christmas and New Year's presents.—*Buffalo Courier.*

In every respect the volume is made as perfect as it can be made through the process of paper, the most admirable printing, and the most elegant pictures, while it conveys a library of information concerning a theme that never tires, and to which all Americans readily turn, whether it be handled by the humblest of writers, or animate the golden eloquence of an Everett.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work is feelingly and discriminately written; and contains one of the most interesting accounts of the private life and history of Washington ever written.—*Hartford Courant.*

In point of taste, beauty, fulness, and variety of illustration, this solid volume must satisfy the demands of the most fastidious lover of handsome books.—*Boston Recorder.*

This is a splendid volume in every respect—fit casket for the sacred memorials of which it is the record.—*Portland (Me.) Argus.*

This is a superb specimen of book-making. The present season will bring forth nothing to surpass it as a most acceptable holiday present.—*Boston Gazette.*

The volume is a perfect gem, and will be one of the most appropriate of the season for a valuable gift-book.—*Christian Freeman.*

A beautiful book, and the most complete and perfect memorial ever made of the family and home of Washington. An historical, biographical, and pictorial presentation of everything appertaining to the home and surroundings of the Father of his Country.—*Concord (N. H.) Patriot.*

The work is a really valuable one, and should meet with an extensive sale.—*Boston Post.*

This volume will prove most seasonable now, and precious hereafter.—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

It is one of those books that one admires somewhat as he does a pretty woman, and its reading matter possesses the same sort of interest as if he should find said lady intelligent and accomplished. —*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

A faithful picture of

THE HOME AND TOMB

OF

WASHINGTON.

IT CONTAINS

140 ENGRAVINGS.

Tinted paper, small quarto, bound in new and elegant styles. Prices, $3 to $6 50.

W. A. TOWNSEND & Co., Publishers,

No. 46 Walker street, New York.

Canvassers will find this one of the best selling books of the season. Apply to the Publishers.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE ART OF DANCING,

HISTORICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

By EDWARD FERRERO.

To which is added Hints on Etiquette, the Figures, Steps, and necessary Instruction for the Performance of the most Modern Dances. Also, 108 pages of appropriate Music for the Piano.

For sale at all the Music and Bookstores in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, and Jersey City. The Trade supplied on application to

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau st., N. Y.

HOW STRANGE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How strange it will be, love—how strange, when we two
Shall be what all lovers become—
You, frigid and faithless, I cold and untrue—
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you—
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do—
Love's bright web unravelled, and rent, and worn through
And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when the witchery goes,
Which makes me seem lovely to-day;
When your thought of me loses its *couleur de rose*—
When every day serves some new fault to disclose—
When you find I've cold eyes, and an every-day nose,
And wonder you could for a moment suppose
I was out of the common-place way—
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, love—how strange, when we meet
With just a chill touch of the hand!
When my pulses no longer delightedly beat
At the thought of your coming, the sound of your feet—
When I watch not your going, far down the long street
When your dear loving voice, now so thrillingly sweet,
Grows harsh in reproach or command—
Ah, me,—
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, when we willingly stay
Divided the weary day through!
Or, getting remotely apart as we may,
Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say,
Or coolly converse on the news of the day
In a wearisome, old married-folks sort of way!
I shrink from the picture—don't you?
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts *do* grow torpid and old,—
As so many others have done,—
If we let our love perish with hunger and cold—
If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold—
If we choose to live wretched and die unconsoled,
'Twill be strangest of all things that ever were told
As happening under the sun!
Ah, me!—
How strange it *will* be!

—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

"IT'S ALL TRUE."

Translated for THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS, from the German of

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"That is a terrible story!" said a hen, and indeed in a quarter of the city where the story had not happened. "That is a terrible story in a henhouse! I can't sleep alone to-night! It's well there are so many of us sitting on the perch together!" Then she told the story, so that the hens ruffled their feathers, and the cock let his comb fall. "It's all true!"

But we will begin with the beginning; and we must look for that in a henhouse in another quarter of the the city. The sun was setting, and the hens were flying to their perch. One hen, with white feathers and short legs, laid her regular egg, and was, as a hen, in every way respectable. While she was flying to the perch, she pecked herself with her bill, and a little feather fell out.

"There they go!" said she; "the more I pluck, the handsomer I am!"

She said this in a gay tone, for she was the choice among the hens, besides, as I said, very respectable; and then she went to sleep.

Darkness was round about, hen sat by hen, but she who sat next to the gay one did not sleep: she heard, and she didn't hear,—as it should be in this world, to live peacefully; but she must tell it to her next neighbor:

"Did you hear what was said? I mention no names, but here is a hen who plucks herself to appear well! If I was a cock I'd despise her!"

Right over the hens sat the owl, with her husband and children. The family had sharp ears; they all heard every word which the neighbor-hen said; and they rolled their eyes, and the owl-mother flapped her wings, and said:

"Only hear there!—but you heard well enough what was said. I heard it with my own ears; and one must hear a good deal not to drop a single word. There is one of the hens yonder, who has forgotten what becomes a hen to such a degree, that she plucks out all her feathers to let the cock see her!"

"Prenez garde aux enfants!" said the owl-father; "that is not for the children."

"I'll tell it, however, to the neighbor-owl; that is a very worthy owl in the neighborhood;" and then they flew away.

"Hoo, hoo! whoo!" they both hooted into the dovecot of their neighbor to the doves within. "Have you heard? Have you heard? Whoo? There is a hen yonder who has plucked out all her feathers for the sake of the cock: she'll freeze, if she isn't already frozen. Whoo!"

"Where? where?" cooed the doves.

"In the neighbor's yard. I have as good as seen it myself. It is almost improper to tell the story: it's all true!"

"Believe it—believe every word," said the doves; and cooed down into their own henyard.

"There's a hen yonder," they said—"some say there are two, who have plucked out all their feathers so as not to look like the others, and to attract the attention of the cock. That is a dangerous game; they'll take cold and die of a fever, and they're both dead."

"Wake up! wake up!" crowed the cock, and flew on the floor: sleep yet sat upon his eyelids, but he still crowed, "There are three hens have died for the unlucky love of a cock: they have plucked out all their feathers: that's a hateful story; I won't keep it to myself; it may go further."

"Let it go further," whistled the bat; and the hens clucked, and the cocks crowed, "Let it go futher, let it go further!"—and so the story went from henhouse to henhouse, and at last it came back to the spot from which it had properly set out.

"Five hens," the story said, "had plucked out all their feathers, to show which of them would become thinnest for the love of the cock; and then they hacked themselves bloody, and fell down dead, for the joke and shame of their families, and the great loss of their owner."

And the hen who had lost the loose little feather naturally did not know her own story again; and as she was a respectable hen, she said: "I despise those hens!—but there are more of the sort; so perhaps one should not keep silence, and I will do my best to get the story into the newspaper: then it will spread itself over the whole country; and that the hens deserved, and their families too!"

It got into the newspaper; it was printed; and it is all true: one little feather can really become five hens!

[For THE SATURDAY PRESS.]

MUSIC:

Not Man's, but Nature's Music.

We are surrounded by a glorious orchestra, always sending us sweet symphonies. In town and country, in the palace and hovel, to the rich and poor, are these sounds poured forth. I mean not the little birds that fly around us, from bough to bough, whose chirping notes fall upon our ears so pure and joyous, like angels' voices; but I mean the little bird that builds its nest within our hearts; its song is constant,—some times sad, at others gay. Have you never heard it? If not, some time when you are alone (for its voice, though sweet, is low), listen, and you will hear. To have the music always cheerful, *do right;* then the heart (the nesting-place) will be pure and bright, and conscience (the little bird) will always send forth joyous sounds.

R. W. P.

— Mr. James J. Jarvis, the historian of the Sandwich Islands, author of "Art Hints," etc., is in Florence, engaged upon a history of the art of painting in the mediæval period.

The N. Y. Saturday Press,

A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES.
is published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT
No. 9 Spruce street, N. Y.

Price $2 a-year.

BRANCH OFFICE,
AT ROGER'S BOOKSTORE, NO. 827 BROADWAY,
where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

HENRY CLAPP, JR.,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

From the New York Daily Times.

The SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest of the literary weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very salient peculiarities of character and tone.

From Dwight's Journal of Music.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is one of the liveliest and raciest of our exchanges.

From the Charleston (S. C.) Courant.

The SATURDAY PRESS is very well edited, and is unquestionably, as a literary journal, a very able one.

From the Burlington Times.

We remain of opinion that the SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest edited and most entertaining weekly paper in New York.

From the Providence Journal.

The most attractive journal for literary men and book-collectors which has fallen under our notice is the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.

From the Boston Recorder.

We know of no literary journal, either in this country or in England, which, on the whole, we should prefer to it; and we heartily commend it to all who desire to keep themselves acquainted with the issues of the American and English press, and other current matters in literature.

From the Boston Congregationalist.

We have been much pleased with the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS, which strikes us as being the spiciest, frankest, and truest in its criticisms upon literature of any journal out. It contains the completest printed list of new books, and books in press.

From the N. Y. Sunday Courier.

The SATURDAY PRESS contains wit enough, and good writing enough to entitle it to a hearty support from all the cultivated and right-thinking classes.

From the N. Y. Traveller.

The SATURDAY PRESS is one of the best weekly papers we have seen. It is of great value to all those who wish to keep au courant of all the new books.

From the N. Y. Leader.

A spirited embodiment of literary Bohemianism.

From the Xenia News.

The sauciest and most piquant of our literary weeklies.

From the N. Y. Sunday Times.

It is edited with much sprightliness and ability. Its dramatic feuilleton is particularly lively. Altogether, we hold the SATURDAY PRESS and its specialities as a real addition to the best newspaper literature of the day.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—a paper always distinguished for its independence and originality.

From the Scranton Republican.

It conducted with great sprightliness and vigor. Its editors are evidently men who do their own thinking, and give independent criticisms on passing events and current literature. It is especially valuable to the literary man and the bookseller, by reason of its publication of the weekly issues of the leading publishing houses in the country.

From the Springfield (Ohio) Journal.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—the sharpest paper on the Continent.

From the Ohio State Journal.

When you take up the SATURDAY PRESS, if you are so fortunate as to be a subscriber to that paper, you seldom lay it down again till you have read the last word. It is the best of papers.

From the Schenectady Daily News.

A paper that cannot be hired to puff what it thinks worthless. The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is a valuable antidote to the twaddle of New York weekly paperdom.

From the West Troy Democrat.

The SATURDAY PRESS, is one of the most independent, out-spoken journals it was ever our pleasure to read. The PRESS gives the only complete list of new publications, foreign and home, anywhere to be found. It is therefore invaluable to those desiring to keep themselves posted in literary matters.

From the New York Day Book.

We believe everybody, unless he is a sham and a charlatan, likes this spirited, outspoken sheet. The individuals excepted hold it in holy horror; for the manner it pitches into nonsense of all kinds in its sharp, sententious, Frenchy way, is as refreshing to the pure-minded and virtuous, as it is distasteful to the humbugs.

From the Springfield (Ohio) News and Journal.

The sharpest paper in the country.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The SATURDAY PRESS is mainly devoted to current Literary News, Belles Lettres, the Fine Arts, etc., and is one of the best journals of the kind ever published in this country.

From the New York Correspondent of the Boston Courier.

THE SATURDAY PRESS, to which I have before made allusion, though hardly to be called *comic*, is nevertheless the most witty and intellectually vigorous weekly we have ever had in this city. Its columns always contain a score or more of original jokes, which would startle one into a laugh, or make him cry "good," even at his own funeral.

From the Philadelphia Press.

We are moved by no consideration save genuine merit to commend to the searchers after a good weekly paper, THE SATURDAY PRESS, published in New York by Henry Clapp, Jr. It is really the first attempt in this country at a pure, decent, uninfluenced literary journal, and is free from the nauseating traits of the majority of the weeklies. The criticisms of affairs in the artistic and social realm are intelligent, and always hit straight; the bon mots outsparkle the best things of *Punch;* and a feature alone worthy the subscription is the weekly Book-List, accurately prepared.

From the New York Traveller.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, the sprightliest, raciest, frankest, sauciest, sharpest, wittiest, most piquant, original, outspoken, and sententious American literary weekly.

From the Sunbeam (Batavia).

We esteem it the best journal of its class that is published in America. Its articles are piquant and spicy, and evince not only a high order of talent, but genius on the part of its editor and regular contributors.

From the Fulton County Democrat.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is the best and most independent literary paper in the State, with the single exception of the *Home Journal*, which has no particular claims to independence. THE PRESS has all the wit and none of the stupidity of the London *Punch*.

From the Yonkers Herald.

We believe no one who has once bought and read THE SATURDAY PRESS, will be without it afterwards—that is, if he is in any place where it can be obtained.

From the New Haven Palladium.

This literary weekly, now in its second year, we consider one of the ablest purely literary papers published in the United States. It contains each week a Book-List of from one to two columns, embracing all works, American and foreign, just out or to be issued; an admirable chess-column; the best original and selected tales and sketches; spicy and interesting correspondence; a full resume of the week's literary and art intelligence; a very piquant dramatic feuilleton, etc., besides bold and independent editorials upon all prominent topics of the day from the pen of the talented editor. To the literary man, the scholar, the man of business—in fact, to all classes of intelligent readers—this paper just fills a want never before met.

From the New York Dispatch.

We want our readers distinctly to understand that THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is the most saucy, clever, independent, and piquant literary weekly now or ever published anywhere. It is just a little over a year old, and has most ably struggled through the obstacles which always attend the weaning of new publications in the newspaper line. For our own part, we are free to confess that we take up no paper with more eagerness, and peruse none of all our exchange list, which is over large, with half as much satisfaction as THE SATURDAY PRESS. Nay, we would willingly pay fifty cents a copy rather than do without it, and the subscription-price is only $2 per annum. THE SATURDAY PRESS cannot be induced by money or patronage to puff anybody or anything not deserving free favorable mention, and is as free and independent as it is witty, sprightly, and just in all matters of art, literature, and social questions. It is the paper for intelligent and independent people.

From the Clermont Courier.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is one of the sharpest and wittiest literary papers in the country. If you want a paper that has some originality about it, subscribe for THE SATURDAY PRESS.

From the Bergen County Journal.

A sparkling, racy sheet, which under its present vigorous management, seems destined to meet with the success it deserves.

From the Hartford Courant.

A vigorous, original, lively, and independent literary weekly. It is distinguished above any paper in the United States for its fresh and accurate literary intelligence, the independence and vigor of its leading articles, the choiceness of its miscellaneous matter, and, especially, for its complete weekly List of New Books and Books in Press. To the scholar, the literary man, and the man of taste, in all matters of art and literature, we consider this paper almost a necessity.

From the Schenectady News.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is a paper we add to our exchange list with great pleasure, and hope it will be sent to us regularly. As we want THE SATURDAY PRESS for our own reading, we hope Mr. Clapp will see that his clerk puts the *News* on his regular list. THE SATURDAY PRESS hates indiscriminate puffing as bad as we do, and is doing more for high art and letters than any ten papers in the Union.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The raciest and most independent of all the weeklies.

From the Boston Transcript.

It is one of the live weekly journals of the country, and we observe that the English literary journals make copious extracts from it.

From the Boston Courier.

A paper which seems to sparkle with new brightness at each appearance.

HENRY CLAPP, JR.,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
No. 9 Spruce street, New York

AMERICAN WATCHES

MADE BY THE

American Watch Company,

AT WALTHAM, MASS.

Attention is invited to the following statement, and the accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials of these celebrated Watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the Massachusetts Mechanical Association, 1856.

A gold medal was also awarded them by the American Institute, at New York, in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory timepieces ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and, necessarily, as perfect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their watches, in many instances, by actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best Marine Chronometer. The following certificates are from gentlemen who have carried their Watches with them in their daily avocations, and are, therefore, reliable indications of what may be expected from the American Watch when in ordinary active use:

Letter from Paul Morphy, the celebrated Chess Player:

NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American watch, No. 9240, presented me by the New York Chess-Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 3d, correctly:

June 15,	fast	4	seconds.	Aug. 15,	fast	18	seconds.
July 1,	"	6	"	Sept. 1,	"	23	"
" 15,	"	10	"	" 15,	"	28	"
Aug. 1,	"	16	"	Oct. 1,	"	32	"

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,

PAUL MORPHY.

BOSTON, Sept. 27th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,

JAMES H. CLAPP,
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:

BOSTON, Sept. 28th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers.

GEORGE E. PORTER.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple, scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fail to be an accurately performing time-keeper. I would about as soon expect to see the sun make a baulk, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully,

NORMAN WIARD,
Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

BOSTON, August 20th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The "Waltham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Frodsham," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours,

ALBERT METCALF, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry street,
NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supersede all others.

JAMES FLOY, D.D.

BOSTON, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in stating that the American Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty seconds fast per month.

Capt. GORHAM H. BASSETT.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The watch I bought of you—one of your adjusted Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the hardest service in every way in point of locomotion.

Yours truly, C. C. SHEAFE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.;

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 6929, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours, G. A. FULLER,
Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglass, of N. Y. & N. H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

NEWTONVILLE, Aug. 20th, 1859.

R. B. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,

WILLIAM B. SPEAR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch, No. 5976, I have carried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—as have those worn by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of excellent time-keepers.

Yours truly, H. L. STUART.

De Bow's *Review*, in speaking of the American Watches, says: "These watches are equal to any other manufactured in this country or in Europe. The fact is established by the accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is considered almost unparalleled, equalling the best marine chronometers. More than 17,000 American Watches are now in use, and the manufacturers allege that they have heard not more than half-a-dozen complaints, arising chiefly from accidental derangement or misusage of the works."

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 182 BROADWAY,
New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Holiday Presents.

SELLING OFF AT COST.
GIVE ME A CALL and CONVINCE YOURSELVES of the FACT.

JOHN E. CURTIS,

In order to give the public extraordinary bargains, will, during the next three weeks, sell his stock of *WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER-PLATED WARE, etc.,* at cost, and to show that it is no fiction, every article is marked down in plain figures.

No. 63 *BLEECKER STREET,*
Five doors West of Broadway, North side.

A. RANKIN & CO.
[Established in 1823.]

HOSIERY,
UNDER GARMENTS,
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!
A GREAT VARIETY
OF BEST GOODS IN MARKET,
OFFERED AT PRICES COMMONLY PAID FOR INFERIOR QUALITIES.

EXAMINE AND COMPARE!

HEAVY WOOLLEN UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS.
SHAKER do. do. do.
STOUT MERINO SHIRTS from 50 cents upwards.
LADIES' MERINO VESTS do. do. do do.
CHILDREN'S HOSIERY and UNDERVESTS, all sizes and qualities.
CRAVATS, TIES, GLOVES, DRESSING GOWNS, etc.
☞ DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.☜

A. RANKIN & CO.,
No. 637 BROADWAY, AND No. 96 BOWERY.

TOMES, SON & MELVAIN,
No. 6 Maiden Lane, N. Y.,
Importers and dealers in
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS,
PLATED WARE, BRONZES,
CUTLERY, GUNS, BRUSHES,
PERFUMERY & SOAPS,
MEERSCHAUM PIPES,
LATAKIA TOBACCO, etc., etc.

PICTURE FRAMES, etc.

HATFIELD & CO.
have removed to
No. 6 Astor Place (second floor), near Broadway,
where they have increased facilities for furnishing their NEW AND ELEGANT PATTERNS OF MIRROR AND PICTURE FRAMES.

JAMES A. CLARK,
Merchant Tailor,
NO. 742 BROADWAY,
(SECOND DOOR BELOW ASTOR PLACE,)
NEW YORK.
Your Patronage Solicited.

Cabinet-Makers and Decorators of First Class Furniture

POTTIER & STYMUS'S
(LATE B. E. ROCHEFORT'S,)
Warerooms,
No. 623 Broadway, up stairs.

Designs of Cabinet Furniture, Mirror-Frames, etc., for Dwellings, Banks, and Offices, furnished without extra charge, and all orders attended to under our own supervision, our knowledge of the business being practical.

AUGUST POTTIER,
W. P. STYMUS.

C. C. MERCHANT & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SILKS, SHAWLS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, TABLE LINENS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, etc. SHADES, CORDS, TASSELS, etc.
BROCATELLES, SATIN DE LAINES, LACE and MUSLIN CURTAINS, GILT CORNICES, ETC.
449 Broadway, between Howard and Grand sts.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING-MACHINES,
THE GREAT ECONOMIZER OF TIME,
AND PRESERVER OF HEALTH,
HAVE WON THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS
AT THE FAIR OF THE
UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
AT THE STATE FAIRS OF
MAINE, VERMONT,
CONNECTICUT,
NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY,
PENNSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA,
MISSISSIPPI, MISSOURI,
OHIO, INDIANA,
ILLINOIS, KENTUCKY,
MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN,
CALIFORNIA, AND
AT THE FAIRS OF THE
AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.
MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION, BOSTON,
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE,
METROPOLITAN MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
WASHINGTON,
MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION, CINCINNATI,
KENTUCKY INSTITUTE, LOUISVILLE,
MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, St. LOUIS,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, SAN FRANCISCO,
AND AT HUNDREDS OF COUNTY FAIRS.

The Lock-Stitch made by this Machine is the only stitch that cannot be ravelled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it.

OFFICE:—NO. 505 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.—Ive's Patent Sleeve-Buttons and Shirt-Studs; also, Cuff and Collar Pins for Ladies, and Armlets for Children. They require no buttonholes, do not unfasten, combine great beauty and utility. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Gold and Silver Watchcase Manufactory of JOHN H. GIFFIN, No. 57 Vesey street, New York.

GO TO PFAFF'S!

AT PFAFF'S RESTAURANT
AND
Lager Bier Saloon,
No. 647 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
YOU WILL FIND
THE BEST VIANDS.
THE BEST LAGER BIER.
THE BEST COFFEE AND TEA.
THE BEST WINES AND LIQUORS.
THE BEST HAVANA CIGARS.
IN FINE,
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
AT
Moderate Prices.

N.B.—You will also find at PFAFF'S the best German French, Italian, English, and American papers.

ILLUMINATED ENVELOPES.

Every Envelope a Business Card!

These ENVELOPES are printed in tints—Illustrated and Ornamented to suit any trade or business. Every man in business should use them. Samples sent on receipt of stamps to pay postage.

N. ORR & CO.,
52 John street, New York.

BROADWAY POPULAR LIBRARY,
827 Broadway.

TERMS: One Cent per Day; Twenty-five Cents per Month; Two Dollars per Year. All the New Books, English and American, as soon as published.

CHAS. H. DEMARAY,
NEWS AND DISTRIBUTING AGENT,
Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street, N.Y.

Distributing Agent SATURDAY PRESS. Dealer in all the WEEKLY PAPERS, MAGAZINES, CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, etc.

Cards, Circulars, etc., distributed at reasonable rates per thousand. Books, Papers, etc., left on sale, or otherwise, at all News Stands and Stores in Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Hoboken, and New York, at the lowest rates for cash.

Goods of all sorts, from a SEWING MACHINE to a package of MEDICINE, purchased at manufacturers' prices, and shipped as per order. Best of references furnished.

A. W. FABER'S LEAD PENCILS.
Sold at Retail by all Stationers.
At Wholesale Only, by
EBERHARD FABER, Sole Agent,
133 William St., N. Y.

INSURANCE.

THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.
WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

Atlantic Fire Insurance Co.,
OF BROOKLYN.
Offices:
14 WALL STREET, NEW YORK. | 172 ATLANTIC ST., BROOKLYN.

Cash Capital, $150,000,
ASSETS, June, 1859, $257,4?8.

CHARTERED FEBRUARY 20th, 1851.

HORATIO DORR, Secretary. JOHN D. COCKS, President.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 19 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.
New York, July 1st, 1859.

EMPIRE CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 54 Wall street.

CAPITAL $200,000.
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

In addition to the Insurance of Buildings, Merchandise, &c., this Company pays particular attention to the Insurance of

RENTS AND LEASES.

LINDLEY MURRAY, President.
W. A. BURTIS, Jr., Secretary.

WINES, ETC.

JOHN S. PIERCE,
Importer and Dealer
IN
CHOICE FRUITS,
WINES,
TEAS, etc.,
685 Broadway,
New York.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
A. M. BININGER, RUFUS WATTLES, JAMES W. FREELAND,
Established 1778,
Importers of Wines, Brandies, etc.,
No. 338 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

Beg to attract the particular attention of Families, local and abroad, to their choice stock of

Wines, Cognacs, Cordials, Sauces, Teas, Coffee, (THIS OF A VERY SUPERIOR QUALITY,) etc., etc.

To those residing in the country where great difficulties almost invariably present themselves in procuring a recherche article, adapted to the requirements of the more refined classes, this notice is peculiarly opportune; prepared, as we are, to forward purchases, either in the WOOD, or in CASES of ONE DOZEN EACH.

To the following Brands especially we attach great importance:

Bininger's "V O P" Cognac.
Bininger's Q Q Q Cognac.
Bininger's South Side Madeira, Vintage 1832.
Bininger's Tarazona Madeira.
Bininger's XVIII. Century Port.
Bininger's "Palacio" Sherry.
Bininger's "Fionella."
Bininger's Jamaica Rum S C 1842 (from London Docks).
Bininger's old Kentucky Bourbon "1849 Reserve."
Bininger's London Dock Gin.
Our Clarets are not surpassed in the market.

The above are not only commendable for their cheering qualities, but from their Purity (guaranteed by the standard of our Firm), possess Nutritive, Medicinal, and Recuperative qualities, which render their presence in the household highly desirable.

Circulars, containing list of articles and prices, forwarded to those requiring them.

Purchases forwarded to any part of the country.

WINES, COGNACS, etc., etc., sent in the WOOD, or in CASES OF ONE DOZEN EACH.

IN CASES OF ONE DOZEN EACH.
IN CASES OF ONE DOZEN EACH.

MEDICAL, ETC.

ROMAN EYE BALSAM,
FOR INFLAMED EYELIDS,

And for the cure of Scrofulous Humors and soreness surrounding or near the Eye. In all diseases of this character it is almost a certain cure.

Price 25 cents per jar.—Will be sent free per Mail to any part of the United States upon receipt of 30 cents in postage-stamps.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. Sold also by Druggists generally.

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, it is well known, cures *TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH, CHAPS, CHAFES, TENDER FLESH, &c.,* besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTLE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lips, or any part of the body, safely and quickly, warranted. LIQUID ROUGE for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE for flushed, red, and heated faces. HAIR DYE, instantly converts red, gray, or light hair to a beautiful brown, without staining the skin. HAIR RESTORATIVE for the hair to grow, and make stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy, and silky. Found at Dr. GOURAUD's old established depot, No. 67 WALKER STREET, first store from Broadway. Sold by Mrs. HAYES, Brooklyn, and Druggists generally.

COCOAINA,
A Compound of Cocoanut Oil, but known as
Dr. BENJAMIN'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,

Is the only preparation in the world that will really restore the hair. Its renovating powers are truly wonderful.

NONE NEED BE BALD

who will try this remedy, and persevere in it long enough to give it a chance to operate on the roots of the hair, and renew their natural life and vigor.

Try it ONCE, and you will surely be satisfied to continue.

It will also cleanse the hair, impart to it a beautiful brightness, and render it soft, glossy, luxuriant, and inclined to curl.

Sold only at the MEDICAL AGENCY, 742 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

K. CRUGER, Agent.

OFFICES TO LET IN SPRUCE STREET.

ON THE 5TH AND 6TH FLOORS OF NO. 9 SPRUCE STREET (near *Tribune* office). Enquire of ALLEN & Co. on the premises, Room No. 3, 2d floor.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPER OFFICE,
827 Broadway.

ILLUSTRATED NEWS, $8 per year; Single Copies 15 cents. "Times," "Punch," "Bell's," "Lloyd's," and many others equally cheap. A large supply of popular London Books, Magazines, etc., etc.

Observe 827 Broadway.

INSURANCE.

CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS:

George S. Fox,
Josiah Macy,
William H. Falls,
Joseph W. Corlies,
John D. Wright,
Peter S. Titus,
Thomas C. Chardavoyne.
Ralph Mead,
Richard Field,
Irad Hawley,
Richard F. Carman,
Henry H. Barrow,
Hull Clark,
William C. White,
John J. Walker,
Charles H. Marshall,
Thomas W. Pearsall,
William H. Macy,
Leonardo S. Suarez,
John Penfold,
Samuel Raynor.

GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*
SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000.

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the assured.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,

JOSEPH B. VARNUM,
LEONARD APPLEBY,
FRED. H. WOLCOTT,
WILLIAM K. STRONG,
MOSES TAYLOR,
JAMES O. SHELDON,
DANIEL PARISH,
J. LORIMER GRAHAM, Jr.,
GUSTAVUS A. CONOVER,
MARTIN BATES, Jr.,
DUDLEY B. FULLER,
PASCHAL W. TURNEY,
FRANKLIN H. DELANO,
HENRY V. BUTLER,
JOS. B. VARNUM, Jr.,
SAM'L. D. BRADFORD, Jr.
BOWES R. MCILVAINE
GILBERT L. BEEKMAN
JOHN C. HENDERSON,
LORRAIN FREEMAN,
EDWARD MACOMBER,
WATSON E. CASE,
CHARLES E. APPLEBY.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

THE NEW FEATURE IN FIRE INSURANCE.

SECURITY INCREASED! COST REDUCED!!

The Market Fire Insurance Company,

Is now giving to Parties insuring with it, in addition to the Security of its Cash Capital of

$200,000.

and LARGE SURPLUS, a participation to the extent of

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

in the net profits of its business, which is set apart as a SCRIP FUND, and held by the Company for the Increased Security of its Policy Holders and Protection of its Capital; and when the accumulations of said Fund shall exceed the sum of

$500,000.

the excess will be applied to redeem the Scrip in the order of its issue. These advantages of

ADDITIONAL SECURITY AND REDUCED COST,

must command for the Company a large portion of the business of all discriminating parties, and make it at the same time, directly to the interests of persons having Policies therein, to induce others also to insure in it, to the mutual benefit of all

Office, No. 37 Wall street, New York.

BENJ. H. HOWELL, President.
ASHER TAYLOR, Vice President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

☞ The Policies of this Company fully protect Mortgagee's interests.

JULY, 1859.

The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

			Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July	9, '57,	33
Second " " " "	July	9, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July	14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,388 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.
OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President.
Frederick Schuchardt,
Adrian Iselin,
Edward Jones,
Robert Lenox Kennedy,
Edward Burckhardt,
James W. Beekman,
N. W. Stuyvesant,
Charles De Rham,
A. McL. Agnew,
William Bloodgood,
William F. Cary, Jr.,
George A. Robbins,
Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr.,
David Jones,
Jaques Guedin,
J. P. Giraud Foster,
Edward Cooper,
E. Von der Heydt,
S. M. Beckley,
James S. Wadsworth,
Cornelius Du Bois,
William Schall,
George Griswold, Jr.,
Martin Zabriskie,
Franklin H. Delano,
Hamilton Blydenburgh,
Josiah H. Burton.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since	1853.
38 " " " "	1848.
39½ " " " "	1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	—$1,395,622 12

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

PRINTED AT ALLEN'S OFFICE, 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.